The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY. AUG. 23, 1888. NUMBER 451.

DIRECTORIES.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Baptist.

Washtenaw Association.

Church on Washington street, corner of Cross—Rev. J. L. Cheney, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:00; Sunday school at noon; prayer meeting at 6:30, p. m. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday.

Congregational.

Jackson Association.

Church on Adams, corner of Emmet — ——— ————, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Methodist Episcopal.

Detroit District—Detroit Conference.

Church on Washington street, corner of Ellis—Rev. J. Venning, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 6:30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 6. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Presbyterian.

Detroit Presbytery—Synod of Michigan.

Church on Washington street, corner of Emmet—Rev. W. A. McCorkle, D. D., pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Protestant Episcopal.

Diocese of Michigan.

St. Luke's Church, Huron street—Rev. ———— rector. Service at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Evening service at 4:30 every Friday evening.

Roman Catholic.

Diocese of Detroit.

St. John's Church, Cross street, corner of Hamilton—Rev. Wm. DeBever, pastor. First mass at 8 o'clock Sunday morning; second mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.

Evangeliean Lutheran (German).

Church on Congress street, corner of Grove—Rev. M. Kionke, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at noon.

African Methodist Episcopal.

First District—Michigan Conference.

Church on Buffalo street, corner of Adams—Rev. R. Jeffries, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:15; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Colored Baptist.

Rev. W. H. Johnson, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and evening, in McAndrew Hall.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting Association.

Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Methodist church in January, Presbyterian in February, Baptist in March, and Congregational in April, and so repeating. Warren Smith, president; Geo. McKinstry, secretary.

Young Women's Christian Association.

Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Leonard corner Cross and Hamilton streets. Ida E. Shaw, president; Maggie Adair, secretary.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

Meeting at Congregational church every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. B. L. D'Ooge, president; Miss Lutie Densmore, secretary.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.

Phœnix Lodge, No. 12, F. & A. M.—Meet in Masonic Hall Tuesday evening on or before the full moon of each month. C. C. Vroman, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 128, F. & A. M.—Meet last Thursday in each month, in Masonic Block. A. McNicol, W. M.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.

Excelsior Chapter, No. 25, R. A. M.—Meet first Friday of each month, at Masonic Hall. A. S. Turnbull, H. P.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Union Council, No. 10, R. & S. M.—Meet third Wednesday in each month, at Masonic Hall. Howard Stephenson, T. I.; W. L. Pack, Sec.

ODD FELLOWS.

Wyandotte Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F.—Meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, Union Block, every Monday evening. F. L. Thompson, N. G.; L. Z. Foerster, Sec.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Carpenter Post, No. 180—Meet in A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Fridays of each month. Col. O. E. Pratt, Com.; E. Holbrook, Adjt.

ROYAL TEMPLARS.

Ypsilanti Council, No. 47—Meet first and third Mondays in each month, in Good Templar Hall. Mrs. Mercy Whipple, S. C.; W. H. Hall, Rec. Sec.; C. F. Comstock, Fin. Sec.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 282—Meet every Tuesday evening, in Good Templar Hall. H. Neiman C. T.; Miss Lettie Wilkinson, Sec.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Ypsilanti Division, No. 106—Meet every Thursday evening, in Good Templar Hall. Joseph Soper, Patriarch; Miss Steffe, Scribe.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Ypsilanti Grange, No. 56—Meet in Grange Hall, Union Block, every Wednesday evening. Mortimer Crane, M.; Mrs. N. C. Carpenter, Sec.

UNITED WORKMEN.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 15—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, second and fourth Wednesday of each month. J. H. Whitney, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Rec.; Math. Stein, F.

Washtenaw Lodge, No. 27—Meet first and third Friday of each month in Masonic Block. F. J. Swaine, M. W.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Rec.; A. A. Bedell, F.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Meet in Masonic Block, first and third Wednesdays of each month. O. E. Thompson, Dic.; J. N. Howland, F. R.; Wm. Judd, Rep.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Ægis Council, No. 117—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month. A. Lodeman, Regent; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.

Wolverine Tent, No. 77—Meet in Masonic Block, second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. E. Thompson, S. K. C.; E. Holmes, R. K.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

St. John's Branch, No. 39—Meet every Tuesday evening, in St. John's School Hall. Jas. McCann, Pres.; Jos. Forbes, Sec.

FRATERNAL MYSTIC CIRCLE.

Ypsilanti Ruling, No. 25—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Thursdays of each month. F. H. Barnum, W. R.; P. W. Carpenter, W. Rec.; H. D. Wells, Col.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY (COLORED).

Meet every Wednesday evening, at hall on Chicago avenue. Chas. Anderson, President; Elijah Artis, Sec.

GOOD SAMARITANS AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.

Meet every Friday evening, at Davis' Hall. T. S. Roadman, Chief; David York, Sec.

ATTORNEYS.

D. C. GRIFFEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Money Loaned, Notes and Mortgages bought and sold. No. 2 South Huron Street.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 1 South Huron Street, Ground Floor.

F. HINCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND Real Estate Exchange. Laible Block, Huron Street, Second Floor.

F. C. MORIARTY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Allen & McCorkle's office, Huron Street., Ypsilanti, Mich.

PHYSICIANS.

A. F. KINNE, M. D., RESIDENCE AND OFfice, corner Cross and Adams Streets.

F. M. OAKLEY, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIdence, first dwelling south of Engine House, Huron street, Ypsilanti.

CHRISTINE ANDERSON, M. D., SUCCESSOR to Dr. Ruch. Residence and office. cor. Washington and Ellis streets, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.

F. K. OWEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURgeon. Office and residence, Adams street, between Cross and Emmet.

O. E. PRATT, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYsician and Surgeon, office and residence on Washington street, opposite Baptist Church.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, WASHington Street, near Michigan, Ypsilanti.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence corner Huron and Ellis streets, Swift place. Telephone No. 45.

C. W. MEAD, M. D., D. S., OFFICE AND residence on Washington Street, near Forest Avenue, in what is known as the Salyer residence.

THOMAS SHAW, PRACTITIONER OF MEDicine, Surgery and Gynecology, No. 35 Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. B. MOREHOUSE, REAL ESTATE, FIRE and Life Insurance, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to Loan on Real Estate. Office with Hon. E. P. Allen.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flaag wlks, etc. Washington street.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

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(GEO. C. SMITHE, - - WM. M. OSBAND.)

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Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 4 Mail.*	2 Day Express.*	6 New York Express.†	10 Atlantic Express.†	12 Night Express.†	14 Gr. Rapids Express.*	
Chicago	am 5 00	am 9 00	pm 3 10	pm 10 10	pm 9 10	.....	.....
Kalamazoo	10 20	pm 1 33	6 58	am 3 35	am 2 27	am 7 10	.....
Grand Rapids	.....	1 10	5 40	.....	pm 10 45	6 45	.....
Jackson	pm 1 20	4 15	8 49	6 15	am 4 45	9 35	.....
Ann Arbor	2 43	5 30	9 41	7 50	6 00	10 40	.....
YPSILANTI	3 00	5 45	9 53	8 08	6 17	10 53	.....
Denton's	3 10	.....	....	.....	‡....	.....	.....
Wayne Junc.	3 25	6 05	.....	8 33	6 43	11 11	.....
West Detroit.	4 00	6 35	10 35	9 10	7 20	11 40	.....
Detroit	4 10	6 45	10 45	9 20	7 30	11 50	.....
Buffalo	.....	am 3 35	am 6 15	pm 4 55	.....	.....	.....

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 11 Mail.*	3 Day Express.*	5 Chicago Express.†	15 Gr. Rapids Express.*	7 Evening Express.†	9 Pacific Express.†	21 News Express.*
Buffalo	.....	pm 11 30	am 5 35	.....	am 9 00	pm 1 00	.....
Detroit	am 7 30	am 9 10	pm 1 20	pm 4 00	pm 8 00	10 15	am 3 45
West Detroit.	7 40	9 20	1 30	4 10	8 10	10 25	3 55
Wayne Junc.	8 11	9 53	1 54	4 45	8 38	10 55	4 25
Denton's	8 25	.....	.....	‡5 00	.....	.....	.....
YPSILANTI	8 33	10 17	2 12	5 12	9 00	11 18	4 45
Ann Arbor	8 50	10 40	2 24	5 30	9 15	11 35	5 00
Jackson	10 13	11 45		3 27	7 10	10 55	am 12 54	6 00
Grand Rapids	.....	pm 3 15	.....	10 15	.....	6 00	10 00
Kalamazoo	pm 12 50	2 04	5 15	9 45	am 1 20	3 07	8 40
Chicago	6 10	6 40	9 30		7 00	7 45	

*Sundays excepted. †Daily. ‡Stop on signal. Trains run on central standard time.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agt, Chicago. B. M. DAMON, Station Agt, Ypsi.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

FROM YPSILANTI. Fr'gt*	Mail and ex.‡		TO YPSILANTI. Mail and ex.‡	Fr'gt†
6 30am	9 00am	Ypsilanti	5 10pm	4 00 pm
7 10	9 18	Pittsfield	4 53	3 30
7 35	9 28	Saline	4 42	3 05
8 15	9 45	Bridgewater	4 28	2 35
10 03	10 03	Manchester	4 10	2 00
10 35	10 15	Watkins	3 57	12 30
11 20	10 30	Brooklyn	3 43	11 20 am
11 52	10 44	Woodstock	3 30	11 02
12 30pm	10 50	Somerset	3 23	10 50
12 55	10 55	Somerset Centre	3 18	10 25
1 45	11 05	Jerome	3 09	10 00
2 58	11 16	North Adams	2 58	9 25
3 30	11 35	Hillsdale	2 40	8 30
.....	6 50pm	Chicago	7 25am	.....
.....	5 05	Toledo	9 35	.....
.....	9 40	Cleveland	5 35	.....
.....	3 30am	Buffalo	11 40pm	.....

*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only.
†Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only.
‡Daily except Sunday.

TOLEDO, ANN ARBOR AND N. M.

Going North.				Going South.		
pm	pm	am		pm	pm	pm
11 00	3 25	9 15	Toledo	1 10	5 00	10 45
1 05	4 31	10 25	Milan	12 00	3 50	9 40
1 40	4 52	10 45	Pittsfield	11 40	3 22	9 18
2 00	5 07	10 55	Ann Arbor	11 27	3 07	9 08
2 25	5 27	11 10	Lelands	11 10	2 50	8 50
2 47	5 45	11 24	Whitmore L'k	10 56	2 36	8 36
3 55	6 28	12 00	Howell	10 15	1 55	7 55
6 50	7 55	1 35	Owosso	9 03	12 30	6 35
am	pm	pm		am	pm	pm

FLINT AND PERE MARQUETTE.

Going North.				Going South.		
am	pm	am		am	pm	pm
10 45	....	....	Toledo	....	....	5 00
12 25	....	....	Romulus	....	....	3 20
1 00	6 15	9 14	Wayne	9 50	9 20	3 10
1 18	6 30	9 27	Plymouth	9 33	9 04	2 50
1 27	6 40	9 39	Northville	9 25	8 53	2 42
3 03	8 22	11 14	Flint	7 59	7 12	1 05
4 10	9 27	12 26	E. Saginaw	6 05	5 55	11 50
pm	pm	pm		am	pm	am

WABASH & WESTERN.

Going West.				Going East.		
pm	am	pm		am	am	am
4 00	8 30	9 50	Detroit	6 15	11 45	9 50
4 50	9 07	....	Romulus	5 40	11 00	9 07
5 00	9 15	....	Belleville	....	10 46	8 55
5 10	9 25	....	Willis	....	....	8 45
5 17	9 30	....	Whittaker	....	....	8 34
5 27	9 50	11 01	Milan	5 09	10 17	8 20
6 15	10 22	11 36	Adrian	4 33	9 30	7 30

DETROIT, LANSING AND NORTHERN.

Going North.				Going South.		
am	am	pm		am	pm	pm
7 05	10 00	5 05	Detroit	11 55	3 45	9 40
7 53	10 57	5 58	Plymouth	11 02	2 55	8 52
....	11 15	6 11	Salem	10 48	2 40	8 38
8 15	11 26	6 22	South Lyon	10 38	2 30	8 28
8 48	12 02	6 56	Howell	10 04	1 56	7 53
9 55	1 15	8 10	Lansing	9 00	12 50	6 45
am	pm	pm		am	pm	pm

Unfurnished Rooms Wanted.

Leave word at this office.

Wanted Position

As book keeper for four hours a day. Address H., this office.

Wanted.

A woman to do house work for a family of three persons. A woman over twenty-five years old would be preferred. Inquire at the office of The Ypsilantian.

Rooming and Boarding.

All who wish to take Normal students to room or board, during the coming term, are requested to furnish information on the following points:

1. Name, street and number.
2. Rooms or board or both.
3. Number of rooms—furnished or not.
4. Are rooms on 1st or 2d floor?
5. Ladies or gentlemen, and how many.

The rule forbidding ladies and gentlemen to occupy rooms in the same house will be observed. Direct through the P. O. to J. M. B. SILL,
Aug. 16, 1888. Ypsilanti.

Piano for Sale, Cheap.

Enquire at Mrs. Lamb's, 31 Summit street. 5051*

Given Away.

A Ticket given with every $1 or more purchase of goods, entitles the holder to one chance in the drawing of a 5-octave Smith organ, at W. R. Davis' Shoe House, Tyler Block, Congress street, Ypsilanti.

Anyone wishing to engage the professional services of Miss Betsey Gates, will call on Mrs. P. W. Carpenter, south Washington street. 454

Don't fail to get a bargain at the new jewelry and stationery store on the ¼ off sale.

Mere Mention.

The Mining Journal of late date gives a glowing account of the Upper Peninsula Business College located at Marquette, and under the charge of Prof. W. W. Osband, a late graduate of the Normal and a resident of this city. Mr. O. has taken a financial interest in the institution and speaks with confidence of the success of the enterprise. No one will be more delighted in its success than Mr. O.'s many friends in this city.

Prof. Shuler, formerly a student in our High School but recently of the St. Louis School of Assaying, was elected to take charge of the Chemical Department of the High School.

Dr. J. M. Swift of Northville has consented to an arrangement to meet Rev. John Russell in debate on the question of third party prohibition. If he doesn't nail the Rev. John's hide to the fence before he gets through with him, it will not be because the brainy old doctor hasn't the ability to do it. Bro. Russell better take counsel of discretion and be conveniently sick.

The Michigan Synod of the German Lutheran church is in session at Saline.

Cornwell Fire Company had a little practice Monday evening, throwing two streams at once entirely over the tower of the tall savings bank building.

A little son of John Fuller, last Sunday, tried to drive a refractory cartridge into the cylinder of his rifle. The blows exploded the cartridge and the tiny ball lodged in his hand where it could not be found.

The fall meeting of the Detroit Driving Club takes place Sept. 4 to 8 inclusive.

Mr. T. H. Holmes of Beatrice, Neb., writes in a slighting manner of our weather record for July, and intimates that the thermometer which can't get higher than 92 or 95 degrees is of no account on earth. 95 degrees is the minimum he gives for Beatrice and from that up to 109. It takes the west for big yarns, and the discount necessary to bring them to the eastern standard is very uncertain.

Mad dogs! Muzzle your dogs, or they will be shot, is the posted order of the City Marshal.

The new advertisment of Mr. E. Samson, is a premonition of the opening school year.

We publish to-day Holmes' little poem, "The Old Man Dreams," for the benefit of those elderly gentlemen who were heard to express a wish that they might be set back twenty years and be boys again. We shall be glad to know what they think of the situation.

"Last, but by no means least, came Dr. Anna H. Shaw. We could almost as easily transfer to canvas the changeful colors of the lake as can we give an idea of the wit and wisdom of this address." Extract from report of the Lake Bluff School of Methods. This talented lady will speak in the opera house Wednesday evening, Sept. 5.

A prohibition city convention, to elect 28 delegates to the county convention at Ann Arbor, Aug. 29, will be held at Council Hall next Saturday evening at 8 o'clock.

Rev. John Hector, of California, colored preacher, speaks at the Opera House Saturday evening, Sept. 1, under the auspices of the prohibition club.

Ypsilanti was well represented at the farmers' picnic, at Whitmore Lake, Saturday.

The prohibition caucus for Ypsilanti township meets at F. Hinckley's office, Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock, to elect delegates to the county convention.

Mrs. Cooper sold her place corner of Hamilton street and Forest avenue, Tuesday last, to Mr. Wm. Tuttle, for $2600, taking Mr. T.'s house and lot on Ballard street in part exchange.

Another Church.

We have been not a little surprised to learn that in spite of all our industry in gathering up the facts relating to the churches of Ypsilanti, and preparing a church directory which we suppose contained all that anybody knew about the churches of the city, if not more—that in spite of all that, a church has existed here for nearly two years, with a pastor and regular services, of which we had never heard. Such, however, seems to be the fact. The Second Baptist Church of Ypsilanti is a society of colored people, numbering some eighteen members, holding regular morning and evening services in McAndrew Hall. The pastor is the Rev. W. H. Johnson. They have bought a lot on Hamilton street south, and are hoping to build a house of worship this year. Their card will now be found in our church directory.

Prof. Daniel Putnam at Petoskey.

The teachers' institute which closes today has been one of the most profitable ever conducted in this county. We have been unable to be present every day, but the sessions we have attended have convinced us that a better conductor than Prof Putnam would be hard to find. His practical, common sense suggestions and instructions to teachers can not fail to be a great help to every teacher who has given them attention.—Petoskey Daily Resorter.

Fire.

Sunday morning, the house occupied by Chas. Smith, on Forest avenue, just below River street, took fire and burned down. No alarm was given, and the fire department was not out. It was about 4 o'clock when the fire was discovered by the night watch at the depot. The family were all asleep, and might have perished but for the watchman's discovery. Mr. Smith had insurance.

Personal.

Mrs. Gilbert and her sister Miss Lane departed last Monday for a visit at Cleveland and Hudson, Ohio.

Mr. E. E. Furguson, salesman for Wells & Fisk, was married yesterday, at Brockway, Mich., to Miss Agnes Van Norman of that place, a former Normal student.

Miss Fanny Strong is visiting old friends in Grand Rapids.

Prof. Strong spent several days in New York state recently.

Prof. Lodeman has returned from Bay View.

Mrs. Prof. Sill was in Detroit last Friday.

Miss Mede Osband teaches at Calumet this coming year.

Miss Adah Sanders has returned from Wixon where she has been the guest of Miss Mabel Heath.

Mr. W. A. Duress of Niles called on his brother Mr. P. T. Duress of this city, on his way to Rocehester.

The Misses Burroughs of Flint have been at ex-Mayor Yost's the past week.

Miss Nina Yost is visiting Miss Susie McKinstry.

Miss Amy Stebbins of Cleveland who has been visiting friends in this city for the past month, returned home Monday.

Mrs. Wm. Horner of Meriden, Conn., who has been visiting Mrs. S. W. Parsons, left Monday for Chicago to join her son.

Mr. E. M. Gardner and family are spending a few weeks in town.

W. P. Bowen and C. T. Baldwin of Chelsea, were in town last week, attending the Institute.

Master Harry Jaynes who has been spending the summer with John Howland, returned to his home in New York City, Monday.

Prof. Pease returned last week from a flying visit to the University of the south, Sewanie, Tenn., where Master Fred Pease will attend school the coming year. The school is situated on the top of the Cumberland mountains.

Prof. Lewis McLouth, President of Dakota Agricultural College spent a few hours in this city Tuesday, on his way to attend the Agricultural Teacher's Association at Cleveland. The Professor is looking well, and reports everything satisfactory in Dakota except their territorial condition.

Prof. Shepard and wife start for Brookings, Dak., their new home, this Thursday evening.

Joseph Kaukert living in the fourth ward met with a severe accident at Cornwell's mill last Saturday, by having his hand drawn into what is called the dryer.

Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Hill were the guests of Mrs. H.'s parents, Mr. and Mrs. Follmer, this week.

Miss Allie May Flowers will be found for the next month to come at 227 Second street, Detroit.

Dr. Flora Ruch leaves to-morrow for Saginaw, her new field of labor, where the best wishes of her many friends and patrons follow her. Dr. Christine Anderson, who succeeds to Dr. Ruch's practice, will continue her office at the same place, corner of Washington and Ellis streets, opposite the Methodist church.

Miss Alice Farrar, of Detroit, is the guest of Miss Avonia Damon, of this city.

Miss Jessie Steeres, of Plymouth, returned home Tuesday, from a week's visit with friends in this city.

Miss Mary Harrison is visiting friends in Detroit.

Mr. Herbert Hopkins, at present connected with the Porter Electrical Construction Co., of St Louis Mo., is making a short visit with his parents.

Will Carpenter is learning how to manage a farm near Adrian.

Miss Nettie Johnson, of Niles, Mich., formerly of this city, spent the first of the week with her cousin, Miss Rena Bowling.

Miss Avonia Damon, of Mills St., entertained a small gathering of friends, Friday evening.

Jesse Horner, five miles south of town, is another Harrison veteran who will again vote the Harrison ticket this fall.

Miss Matie Waring, who has been visiting her friend, Miss Hattie Kief, has returned to her home in Janesville, Wis.

Prof. Daniel Putnam returned Tuesday from a visit to his son at Manistique.

Mrs. Osband arrived from New York yesterday morning, her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, accompanying her.

Deaths.

James Webster Lowe, of Whittaker, brother-in-law of Mrs. A. M. Lowe of this city, who was compelled by rheumatism to suspend his studies at Cleary's College, some months ago, died recently at his home in Augusta.

—Richard D. Brower, an old citizen of Ypsilanti, died at the county house, last Sunday, aged about 70 years. The funeral service was conducted in Highland Cemetery Chapel, the first service to be held there.

—The melancholy news of the death of Bishop Harris comes by cable. He died in London, Tuesday, and the remains will be brought to Detroit for burial. The event brings mourning to Ypsilanti, as to every place where he was known.

Not a Blooming Success.

The campmeeting of the Evangelist Mission Society of North America, at Starkweather's grove, did not open last Friday, as the program promised. The collectors for the enterprise, in which are involved the fortunes of Grover Cleveland Chapel at Ann Arbor, met with a misfortune. They collected four dollars at Belleville, but were entrapped by the saloon at that place and failed to get out of town with any of the money.

Murderous Sunday Affray.

Our Lawless Saloons Bear Their Legitimate Fruit.

That the saloon as an institution is essentially and inherently lawless, is a conviction fast being riveted in the popular mind by the conduct of the institution itself. The saloon keeper is positively prohibited by the law from pursuing his avocation on Sunday, and in taking out a license under the law he agrees, and gives bonds, to obey the law. But neither the requirement of the law, nor the force of public opinion, nor his own obligation, has weight with him in that matter, save in exceptional cases. The saloon keepers of Ypsilanti are not different from the general rule. It is matter of public notoriety that with three exceptions the saloons of this city are run in contemptuous disregard of the law, and habitually sell drinks on Sunday. We have warned them of the probable results of this course, and warned the public of the consequences naturally to be expected from its toleration. The public, however, by the election of officers indifferent to their duty in that respect, have continued to tolerate it, and now some of the consequences easily forseen have been realized.

Last Sunday noon, two men in a state of frenzied intoxication, appeared on Congress street. They were George Wanzer, a milk driver who lives with his family on Forest avenue east, and John Millen, a stone cutter employed by Loughridge and Wilcox. According to the testimony of Wanzer given subsequently, they had obtained drinks at the Follett House bar, and at the saloons of Geo. Thum and Adam Shaner, and he thought, but was too drunk to be certain, that they were in the saloon of John Terns. Then, just as people were going to their homes at the close of morning service in the churches, the drunken lunatics engaged in loud and profane altercation at the corner of Congress and Huron streets, and soon after assaulted Ben Buck of Buck's livery, who in defending himself struck Millen with a pickaxe, breaking an ugly hole through his skull, and felling him like a brained ox. Meantime, Zina Buck, father of Ben, was assulted by Wanzer, and knocked his assailant down and put both of his eyes in deep mourning. There was a nice scene for our most public street on a Sunday afternoon—two men lying as dead, and a crowd of spectators gathering. Wanzer was carried to jail, and Millen removed to his boarding house and surgical aid summoned. Whether he will live or die, is not yet very certain.

Monday morning, Wanzer was arraigned and pleaded guilty to a charge of raising a disturbanee, and was fined $20 and costs. Young Buck was also arrested on a like charge, and the case continued to Sept. 4. Complaint was made against Adam Shaner for selling whisky on Sunday, and the case continued until to-day.

The deep disgace of such occurrences in a city like this, is keenly felt by many of our people. We say, a city like this, because there is no excuse for such toleration. There is no outnumbering population here who actively sympathize with the forces which produce such scenes, and thus control the public attitude. But there is a fatal apathy or a shameful timidity on the part of many who reprobate such things, which inexcusably permits such control. This is manifested both in the selection of officers upon whom largely depends the correction of the abuses, and in the degree of moral support extended to those officers who are disposed to correct the abuses. We have a Mayor who is earnestly interested in their correction, as we believe. We have a Marshal who desires to secure decent respect for the law, we have no doubt, but who needs the active encouragement of the citizens. We have a Council from whom little has so far been realized in that direction, in spite of the improvement of the last election. The improvement was not radical enough. One of its members, Mr. John Terns, who was reëlected last spring, is the owner of a saloon in which Mr. Wanzer thought he and his companion were, last Sunday, before the row, and against which numerous citizens have complained to the Mayor and Marshal. Mr. Terns resists in the Council every proposition intended to bring the saloons to observance of the law, and he has been able to make that resistance effective.

We said numerous citizens have complained to the Mayor and Marshal that saloons kept open on Sunday. They declare their knowledge of it—that they see men go in and out; but when asked if they will testify in court to that, the invariable reply is, Oh, no, no! we don't want to be mixed up with it. A deputation of women waited upon the Mayor recently and complained of George Richel's saloon in the 5th ward as being open on Sunday and their husbands and sons getting drunk there. They had counted twenty-seven men going in there on one Sunday, and begged the Mayor to compel the place to close. Well, would they come into court and testify to that? Oh, no, indeed! they would not dare to do that. Then what is the Mayor to do—what is the Marshal to do? begin prosecutions that only incur expense and end in the triumph of the offenders, for want of evidence? We trust the people will see where the responsibility lies, and see that only in the discharge of their own duty as citizens can they expect to prevent recurrence of such disgraceful scenes as brought reproach upon their city last Sunday.

Remember the ¼ off sale for the rest of this month at the new jewelry and stationery store in watches, clocks, jewelry, stationery, etc., Huron St.

An Enthusiastic Occasion.

The First Republican Pole in Ypsilanti Town.

Last Thursday at about 3 o'clock there gathered at the home of Mr. J. R. Holmes, two miles south of this city, a goodly company for the purpose of assisting at the raising of a Harrison and Morton pole, which had been prepared by Mr. Charles Holmes. The junior editor with Mr. G. A. Cook and Dr. F. K. Owen were by invitation on the ground, and took part in the interesting ceremonies. There were in attendance also, Mrs. D. P. Mayhew of pleasant memory and her son, of Detroit, Misses Mollie, Carrie and Jennie Richards of this city, and the veteran Harrison man, Mr. R. E. Gorton, the balance of the company being neighbors of Mr. and Mrs. Holmes, except Mr. Whitlesey who came just in time to give the strength of his muscle in putting the pole in position. Dr. F. K. Owen arrived just in time to do justice to the elegant and bountiful repast which Mrs. Holmes had generously prepared for the company. Mr. Goodell of Dentonville, also was ready to assist at the work and the feast. In due time the cords were adjusted, and the word went forth from Mr. A. E. Ford, to he'o heave. Up went the pole and up went the shouts for Harrison, Morton and Protection, which names were neatly inscribed on the folds of a 9 foot flag over which there was flung to the breeze the stars and stripes, the national emblem, the symbol of our country's glory and greatness. These flags were raised to position by Mr. Osband, and at the command of Captain Ford, three times three were given with a will and fully indicated the great enthusiasm of the party. Mr. Osband followed with a brief speech on the great issue of the campaign, and this was followed by earnest and eloquent words from Supervisor Graves. Dr. Owen was not slow to catch the inspiration of the hour, and let loose his oratory in witty and pertinent words.

"Good bye Old Grover, good bye," was rendered with eclat, the sweet voices of the ladies blending with the stronger volume and more emphatic utterance of the men. Certainly Mr. and Mrs. Holmes and especially Charles, have placed those present, under great obligations for a most enjoyable afternoon both socially and politically. Nor can we speak too highly of the tempting refreshments which awaited the guests as they gathered about the family table after the exercises under the flag were over. The day will be pleasantly remembered as long as patriotism abides in American homes.

Drunk.

Two well-dressed and respectable looking young men, painters employed at the Normal, came out of the Congress street gin mills below Huron street, yesterday morning, in a state of extreme intoxication. Not heeding freindly advice to go home, they were collared by the Marshal and lodged in the cooler.

People who witnessed their incarceration and walked directly across the river to Oberst's corner, encountered another as durnk as those were—the product, probably, of the depot gin mills; while on Congress street, a few minutes later, was another in the same condition.

A citizen protested, not without pertinency and force, against licensing drunkard factories and then sending the drunkard to jail.

The two were arraigned before 'Squire Joslyn the same evening and pleaded guilty to drunk and disorderly. They were fined $3 each and costs, amounting to $7.20 each, and succeeded in raising the money through friends. One of them asked the Court to make the fine as light as possible, as he had a family who needed the money. He didn't think of his family when he got drunk and poured all the money he had into the whisky-seller's till. These were very decent looking men. They had families. One of them, we understand, has eight children depending upon his earnings, and we set these devilish mantraps to catch him and rob him of his brains and his manhood as well as his money. That is just what we do, fellow-citizens. We remember reading somewhere in Thackeray's letters, his wish to see "some of Jesus Christ's chistianism in the world."

Wool Gathering.

Ainsworth & Co. have this week closed up their wool business for the season and shipped the balance of their stock. Their purchases amount to 60,000 pounds—larger than the amount of last year's business.

Mr. Bassett has handled 30,000 pounds, and Mr. Chidister 37,000, making a total of 127,000 pounds—quite an increase on last year's business for the city. The average price has been 24 cents this year, against an average of 32 cents last year. That represents a loss to the farming community tributary to this city of $11,160, and the city's trade must feel the diminution in all kinds of business.

With a financial policy on the part of the governmeat which should inspire confidence instead of distrust among the country's industrial enterprises, there is no reason why that eleven thousand dollars should be subtracted from the earnings of our wool-growers.

Building.

The Dress Stay Company are building a two-story addition to their factory, about 20x20 feet, filling the corner at the rear of the old Pattison building. That will not, however, give them so much space as they occupy outside of their own building.

—Mrs. Kennedy is laying the foundation of a two-story brick store on Cross street, adjoining Smith's meat market.

The Cordary Failure.

New Actions Begun—Criminal and Civil Prosecutions Instituted.

Last Saturday, on complaint of officers of the First National Bank, Nicholas Cordary was arrested upon the criminal charge of obtaining money under false pretenses, in securing loans upon the representation that he was the owner of certain real estate which he had at that time deeded to his wife. The case was continued until the 6th of September, and Mr. Cordary admitted to bail in the sum of $1500, which he furnished.

Civil suit was commenced at the same time, for attachment against the real estate to recover the amount of the loans, and it is hoped to overthrow the validity of those transfers to Mrs. Cordary. If they can be shown to have been fraudulent and void, there will be more than property enough to satisfy all claims.

It looks as though there were thus prepared a dilemma with two horns, either of which, if he escape the other, would catch him. If it be proven that he represented the ownership of the property to be himself, then the escape from the criminal charge would be in the invalidity of the transfers, which opens the property to the civil claims; and if the property be secured to him through the validity of the transfers, then the ownership of the property was not in him when he secured the loan, and the charge of false représentation has to be met. It is a pretty good case of Scylla and Charybdis, or "the devil and the deep sea."

The Republican Rally at Ann Arbor.

An Enthusiastic Occasion.

The republican rally advertised for Wednesday evening at Ann Arbor was a grand success. Every township in the county within reasonable access was well represented. Ypsilanti sent up a full quota, Superior and Pittsfield, also. Saline with a well trained brass band put in an appearance in good shape, and the towns in more immediate proximity showed up with larger but not more enthusiastic delegations. To Sylvan, however, must be given the palm, as she came in martial array, seventy-five in number, led by their veteran band which discoursed stirring music, and joined the Saline band in making the old rink, where the meeting was held, vibrate with "Marching through Georgia," and other popular airs.

Hon. John F. Lawrence presided at the meeting and introduced the speaker of the occasion in most pertinent and eloquent words.

The speech by Mr. Frank Plumley was a masterly presentation of the contending principles at issue in this campaign, with just spice enough in it to make it enjoyable and exciting. He drew a vivid contrast between the conditions of labor here and in the old world. Here under the protective policy of the republican party, this country had been rescued from the bankruptcy, poverty and discredit which the free trade policy under the later democrat rule, had entailed upon us; how labor had been diversified; factories had sprung up; homes purchased and paid for by the wages thus secured; children fed, clothed and educated; here peace and abundance had blessed the lands; how all struggling humanity was turning with longing eyes, to the land of promise and the home of the oppressed; then turning to the effect of the Mills bill in closing these hives of industry, depriving the laboring man of his sustenance and wrecking the country as a siminilar policy had done in 1837 and 1857, he scored a splendid point, by asking what the laboring man preferred to do-Whether he would close up the mills of the great north in which his brain and muscle were converted into bread, or close out that great southern Mills whose effort was to blight his hopes and reduce him to the pauper level of the old world. From the response given it was clear what the answer of those fifteen hundred persons assembled there, would be next November. The meeting was in every way, a most satisfactory one. We must not omit, however, to say a word about "that coon." The Chelsea boys found him that very morning in the highway leading to Ann Arbor, and from all appearances, he had started out early to hear Mr. Plumley's speech. It was a genuine Harrison coon, a lineal descendant of that old coon of 1840 which ate up the democrat rooster at one of their meetings in Ohio. The boys took in the sitnation at once, and so picked up Mr. Coon, made him a perch, and came into Ann Arbor with him at the head of the procession. At the meeting, this bright eyed representative of "ye olden time," was posted at the speaker's stand, and paid the strictest attention throughout. It was the first speech he had ever heard and judging from his attitude, he was highly delighted.

The meeting broke up with rousing cheers and in the best of humor.

Church Services.

Rev. W. T. Beale, of Whitehall, Mich., will occupy the pulpit at the Congregational church next Sunday morning.

—The union service, Sunday evening, will be in the Methodist church, and that will close the series unless further arrangements shall be made.

Services at St. Luke's church Friday evening at 7:30 and Sunday morning and evening will be conducted by Principal Sill. The Sunday evening services are especially for the Sunday School, but all interested are invited. The address on Sunday will be in memory of the late Bishop Harris.

Small Coal Stove

For sale, suitable for chamber. Inquire at The Ypsilantian office.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1888.

It was your cousin who discovered America—Jean Cousin of Dieppe. Your uncle, the pawnbroker, owns a good deal of it at present.—*Detroit Free Press.*

She—I don't know where I shall go this summer, if I go anywhere. I really have nothing to wear. Uncle James—Then why not go to Narragansett Bay?—*Life.*

Saleswoman (to gentleman who has picked up a bustle from the counter)—Something in that line? Gentleman—Well, I dunno; do you keep canary birds, too?—*Life.*

Washington man—"Washington is a great city." New-Yorker—"You haven't got any zoological garden, have you?" "What's the matter with Congress?"—*Texas Siftings.*

Prompter (to boy)—"Tell Mr. Ham that his cue will be given soon for the death seene; is he ready?" Boy—"Yes, sir; he's just got through eatin' a watermelon."—*New York Sun.*

Some people go away from home in the summer for health, and some for pleasure—the pleasure of telling their friends next winter how miserable the grub was.—*Montgomery Advertiser.*

Beethoven banger (who labors under the delusion that he is an artist on the piano)—Well, Master Reggie, would you like to be a fine musician? Reggie—Yes, first rate; wouldn't you?—*Life.*

Charley—I say, Brown, have you got change for a ten? Harry (suspiciously)—Er—no, Charley, I haven't a cent in my pocket. Charley—Sorry, old man; I wanted to pay the five I owe you.—*Life.*

It is said that a St. Louis man who saw a picture of the stoning of St. Stephen bought it under the impression that it resembled a base-ball umpire being mobbed for giving an unpopular decision.—*New York Tribune.*

"Get yourself full of your subject," said the professor. "Saturate yourself with it, and then your essay will write itself." "Yes, I know, professor," said Miss Colespring, "but my essay is on 'Rum, the Cause of It."—*Burdette.*

Gentleman—"How is your wife coming on, Uncle Rastus?" Uncle Rastus (with a sigh)—"De ole 'ooman, sah, am jes de same; she haint no bettah, an' she haint no wuss. Ise gittin discouraged, Mistah Smif, 'deed I is."—*Epoch.*

Mr. Levy (who had just sold a suit of clothes to a countryman)—"I tole you, Repecca, dot vas a goot idea to gif a sthanding collar mit effery suit of clothes. Dey can't look down und see 'em schrink up all the vile."—*Texas Siftings.*

Mr. Caudle—"Doctor, I want you to put up a powerful sedative for my wife; give me the best specific for insomnia you know of." Doctor—"What's the matter? Can't she sleep?" Mr. Caudle—"Yes, I guess so; but I can't."—*Burdette.*

First ballet girl (at the seaside)—Horrors! Second ballet girl—Awful! Third ballet girl—How can they do it? Near-sighted companion—What's the matter, girls? All—Look at the bathing costumes of those society belles!—*Philadelphia Record.*

She (as the yacht bends to the breeze)—"Isn't this glorious, Mr. Featherhead?" He—"Aw—I fawncy I'd enjoy it better if I'd only bwought an umbwella to keep off this dweadful spway. This is my first expewience, ye know; I'll be wiser next time."—*Judge.*

Old Bobbins (to Thompkins)—"Bin a havin' some baptizin' up your way, I hear." Thompkins—"M'yes. Old Squire Ridley's son. Said he wanted to reform." Bobbins—"Do any good?" Thompkins—"Did the village a heap o' good. The chap took cold and died in a week."—*Judge.*

Chicago girl (in Philadelphia)—This is a dreadfully poky city. Philadelphia girl—We don't think so. "That's because you Eastern folks don't know what life is. Here we've been riding in the cable-cars for half an hour, and there hasn't been any one run over yet."—*Philadelphia Record.*

In the country: Miss Travis—O, here you are, Mr. De Smith! Mrs. Raynor says she lost the dinner horn and doesn't know how to get the men up to dinner. Suppose you go out and stand on the piazza. I think they could hear your necktie as far as the last meadow.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Bagley—"Who is the distinguished-looking gentleman yonder?" Jagley—"O, he's a rare bird that Mrs. Blueblood has just captured. Lord MacEnoch, just come over, you know." Bagley—"I should think he was a rare bird. Why, he behaves himself just as well as if he didn't have a title!"—*Judge.*

"My speech took wonderfully well," said the stump orator, with undisguised pride; "all my good points were recognized immediately." "Yes," was the reply of his cynical friend; "but then, you know, when you make a point it stands out so prominently—like a mountain in a desert."—*Boston Transcript.*

"George," she said, as the hammock sagged a little his way and a neighboring hand organ struck up a familiar tune, "George, darling, why was it the letter never came?" "I don't know, precious," said George, as his arm disappeared in the gloaming, "unless it was because Gallagher wouldn't let 'er go."—*Minneapolis Tribune.*

"What this country wants," said the man who talks politics on the street-car, "is men who are not afraid to meet their obligations." Then he noticed that in the crowd the conductor had overlooked him, and he dropped off the car a block away from his destination for fear the error would be discovered.—*Buffalo Express.*

The pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem has been discovered by the Palestine exploring expedition. There is said to be scarcely a doubt of its identity. It is not likely that any of the Americans abroad can beat the Jerusalem people; but if they could they would form a trust, fence in Bethesda, and run it as a hot springs cure, with the prestige of its reputation for miracles.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

"I left the business long ago," said the ex-umpire, "but it seems to follow me still, even to my own home." "How is that?" asked his auditor. "Well, my son works in an iron mill and my daughter is a fine young lady. I go home at night and find my boy on a strike and my girl gone on balls and parties. Even my wife gives me chicken wings—foul tips, you know." And the old umpire sighed.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

THE PRODIGAL SON.

The Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses Eloquently on the Returned Prodigals.

The Self-Congratulatory, Self-Satisfied, Self-Worshipped Man Is Full of Faults.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preaching in Atlanta, Ga., on Sunday, from the text (Luke xv, 28) "And he was angry and would not go in," said:

Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition? The fact is that we ministers pursue the younger son. You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze, and the cranching of the pods for which he was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that for a long time I was unable to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I never could get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him. Not a side face, or a three-quarters, or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a churl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety of the other. The one goes down over the larboard side and the other goes down over the starboard side, but they both go down.

From the window of the old homestead bursts the ministrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the rustics, whose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries. Not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomitants. "Clapi" go the cymbals, "thrum!" go the harps, "click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry spectacle.

The senior son stands at the corner of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in very substantial apparel. Seeing some wild exhilarations around the old mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goat skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is about. One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would have gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have joined in the oriental schottische. No. There he stands. His brow lowers. His lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation. He sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast coming out on the air do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bareheaded and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He says, "Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I stayed at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid; that wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but the scapegrace went off in fine clothes and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make over him. He breaks your heart and you pay him for it. The calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it! That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him!" That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures, and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senior brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him any Sunday, any day of the week. At a meeting of ministers in Germany some one asked the question, "Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, "I know him; I saw him yesterday." And when they insisted upon knowing whom he meant, he said, "Myself; when I saw the account of the conversion of a most obnoxious man, I was irritated."

First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulatory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath in which he vituperates against his younger brother he utters a panegyric for himself. The self righteous man of my text, like every other self righteous man, was full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the home blessings which he had all those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he stayed out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had devoured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and, instead of being a pauper, was a prince. The senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in all my life as by a perfect man. He got so far up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of common honesty. These men that go about prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how good they are, look out for them; keep your hand on our pocket book! I have noticed that just in proportion that a man gets good he gets humble. The deep Mississippi does not make as much noise as the brawling mountain rivulet. There has been many a store that had more goods in the show window than inside on the shelves.

This self righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hugging himself in admiration. We hear a great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life men. The one are admirable, and the other are most repulsive. The one kind of higher life man is very lenient in his criticism of others, does not bore prayer meetings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about himself, but much about Christ and heaven, gets kindlier and more gentle and more useful until one day his soul spreads a wing, and he flies away to eternal rest, and everybody mourns his departure. The other higher life man goes around with a Bible conspicuously under his arm goes from church to church, a sort o general evangelist, is a nuisance to hi own pastor when he is at home, and a nuisance to other pastors when he is away from home; runs up to some man who is counting out a roll of bank bills, or running up a difficult line of figures, and asks him how his soul is; makes religion a dose of ipecacuanna; standing in a religious meeting making an address, he has a patronizing way, as though ordinary Christians were clear away down below him, so he had to talk at the top of his voice in order to make them hear, but at the same time encouraging them to hope on; that by climbing many years they may after awhile come up within sight of the place where he now stands. I tell you plainly that a roaring, roistering, bouncing sinner is not so repulsive to me as higher life malformation. The former may repent; the latter never gets over his pharisaism. The younger brother of the parable came back, but the senior brother stands outside entirely oblivious of his own delinquencies and deficits, pronouncing his own eulogium. Oh, how much easier it is to blame others than to blame ourselves! Adam blamed Eve, Eve blamed the serpent, the serpent blamed the devil, the senior brother blamed the younger, and none of them blamed themselves.

Again, the senior brother of my text stands for all those who are faithless about the reformation of the dissipated and the dissolute. In the very tones of his voice you can hear the fact that he has no faith that the reformation of the younger son is genuine. His entire manner seems to say: "That boy has come back for more money. He got a third of the property; now he has come back for another third. He will never be contented to stay on the farm. He will fall away. I would go in, too, and rejoice with the others if I thought this thing was genuine; but it is a sham. That boy is a confirmed inebriate and debauchee." Alas! my friends, for the incredulity in the church of Christ in regard to the reclamation of the recreant! You say a man has been a strong drinker. I say: "Yes; but he has reformed." "Oh!" you say, with a lugubrious face, "I hope you are not mistaken; I hope you are not mistaken." You say: "Don't rejoice too much over his conversion, for soon he will be unconverted, I fear. Don't make too big a party for that returned prodigal, or strike the timbrel too loud; and if you kill a calf, kill the one that is on the commons, and not the one that has been luxuriating in the paddock." That is the reason why more prodigals to not come home to their father's house. It is the rank infidelity in the church of God on this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not in it a prodigal that has returned and strayed home. There could be unrolled before you a scroll of hundred thousand names—the names of prodigals who came back forever reformed. Who was John Bunyan? A returned prodigal. Who was George Whitefield, the thunderer? A returned prodigal. And I could go out in all directions in this audience and find on either side those who, once far astray for many years, have been faithful, and their eternal salvation is as sure as though they had been ten years in heaven. And yet some of you have not enough faith in their return.

You do not know how to shake hands with a prodigal. You do not know how to pray for him. You do not know how to greet him. He wants to sail in the warm gulf stream of Christian sympathy. You are the iceberg against which he strikes and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it. But you are the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky, elder brother, and if you are going to heaven one would think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him out of their company, and the general rule is, away with the man who has been wounded with sin. Now, I say, the more bones a man has broken, the more need he has of a hospital, and that the more a man has been bruised and cut with sin the more need he has to be carried into human and divine sympathy. But for such men there is not much room in this world—the men who want to come back after wandering. Plenty of room for elegant sinners—sinners in velvet, and satin, and lace—for sinners high salaried, for kid gloved and patent leather sinners; for sinners fixed up by hair dresser, pomatumed, and lavendered, and colognedand frizzled, and crimped, and "banged" sinners—plenty of room. Such we meet elegantly at the doors of our churches, and we invite them into our best seats with Chesterfieldian gallantries; we usher them into the house of God and put soft ottomans under their feet and put a gilt edged prayer book in their hand, an pass the contribution box before them with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls, take out the exquisite portemonnaie, and open it, and with diamond finger push down beyond the ten dollar gold pieces and delicately pick out as an expression of gratitude their offering to the Lord, of one cent. For such sinners plenty of room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his coat is threadbare and his face is erysipelased, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in school, are out begging broken bread at the basement doors of the city—the man, body, mind and soul on fire with the flames that have leaped from the scathing, schorching, blasting, cousuming cup which the drunkard takes, trembling and agonized, and affrighted, and presses to his parched lip, and his cracked tongue, and his shrieking yet immortal spirit—no room.

Oh, if this younger son of the parable had not gone so far off, if he had not dropped so low in wassail the protest would not have been so severe; but going clear over the precipice as the younger son did, the elder son is angry and will not go in.

Oh, be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen, lest thou thyself also be tempted. A stranger one Sunday staggered up and down the aisles of my church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room. He was a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ of a sister denomination! That man had preached the Gospel, that man had broken the bread of the holy communion for the people. From what a height to what a depth! Oh, I was glad there was no smiling in the room when that man was taken out, his poor wife following him with his hat in her hand and his coat on her arm. It was as solemn to me as two funerals—the funeral of the body and the funeral of the soul. Beware lest thou also be tempted.

An invalid went to South America for his health, and one day sat sunning himself on the beach, when he saw something crawling up the beach, wriggling toward him, and he was affrighted. He thought it was a wild beast or a reptile, and he took his pistol from his pocket. Then he saw it was not a wild beast. It was a man, an immortal man, a man made in God's image; and the poor wretch crawled up to the feet of the invalid and asked for strong drink. The invalid took his wine flask from his pocket and gave the poor wretch something to drink, and under the stimulus he rose up and gave his history. He had been a merchant in Glasgow, Scotland. He had gone down under the power of strong drink until he was so reduced in poverty that he was lying in a boat just off the beach. "Why," said the invalid, "I knew a merchant in Glasgow once," a merchant by such and such a name, and the poor wretch straightened himself and said, "I am that man." "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The senior brother thought that all the honor they did to the returned brother was a wrong to him. He said: "I have staid at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." Alas for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel, Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica, Cabigula and Torquatus, Cæsar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman. Dionysius and Philoxenius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among painters. Closterman and Geoffrey Kneller, Hudson and Reynolds. Francia, anxious to see a picture of Raphael, Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporaries speak of each other. Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never would suppose they heard of each other. Religious jealousies. The Mahommedans praying for rain during a drought, no rain coming. Then the Christians begin to pray for rain, and the rain comes. Then the Mahommedans met together to account for this, and they resolved that God was so well pleased with their prayers he kept the drought on so as to keep them praying; but that the Christians began to pray, and the Lord was so disgusted with their prayers that he sent rain right away so as he would not hear any more of their supplications. Oh, this accursed spirit of jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

A wrestler was so envious of Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public places, his envious antagonist went out and wrestled with the statue until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you will find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear of a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. Let us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning a garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. The next best thing to riding in a fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. The next best thing to having a banquet given to ourselves is having a banquet given to our prodigal brother that has come home to his father's house.

Besides that, if we do not get as much honor and as much attention as others, we ought to congratulate ourselves on what we escape in the way of assault. The French general, riding on horseback at the head of his troops, heard a soldier complain and say, "It is very easy for the general to command us forward while he rides and we walk." Then the general dismounted and compelled the complaining soldier to get on the horse. Coming through a ravine, a bullet from a sharpshooter struck the rider, and he fell dead. Then the general said, "How much safer it is to walk than to ride!"

Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands for the pouting Christian. While there is so much congratulations within doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt—miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festivity within. How many pouting Christians there are in our day—Christians who do not like the music of our churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young—pouting, pouting, pouting at society, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the government, pouting at the high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down, there are two cruets in their caster always sure to be well supplied—vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Saccharine into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coaxing words for the splenetic malcontent.

Ah! the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we might better see the radiant and forgiving face of the father. Contrasts are mighty. The artist in sketching the field of Waterloo, years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch, put the face of a happy and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted elder brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we may better understand the forgiving and the radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it—that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever, and forever, and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring on his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples, and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on that mercy! Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's forgiving hand shall lift us.

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud. Lift the palm branches. Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel the warm breath of your father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Oh, go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother, and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cymbal and the mellow voice of the flute. "It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead and is alive again; and was lost, and is found."

Longevity Aided by Salt.

In a recent work by Prof. Burggraeve of Ghent the prominent theory maintained is that salt is the great regulating agent of life, and on the proper use of which human longevity largely depends, it being, at any rate, a great preventative of certain maladies—if the blood is too rich, salt will render it less charged, or if it is poor, salt will reconstitute it and restore to it the necessary elements. Among the interesting facts cited by Prof. Burggraeve in elaborating his subject is that about the end of the last century a terrible epidemic, bearing some analogy to scurvy, broke out in Saxony, making such rapid progress among the poorer classes that the Government ordered an inquiry into its nature and course. The result was the establishment of a singular fact—viz.: that miners, although reduced to the same misery as other workmen, remained, with their families, completely exempt from the malady; the diet of the miners differed from the others only in one point—viz.: that being employed by the State, they were supplied with salt gratuitously, the deduction being that the absence of salt in the diet of the other workmen was the cause of the malady. Salt was then prescribed as a curative measure, and the epidemic disappeared as if by enchantment.

CAUGHT ON THE FLY.

"Will you be glad, Sammy, when youn little brother gets old enough to talk?" "Won't I, though; an' if he uses cuss words I'll smash his little head for him."—*Life.*

No paper next month. We always observe the Fourth of July as long as we are able to. But when the thirty days are out you can look for the paper as usual.—*Lee County (Ga.) News.*

Customer (getting his hair cut): "Didn't you nip off a piece of the ear then?" Barber (reassuringly): "Yes, sah, a small piece, but not 'nough to effect de hearin', sah."—*Texas Siftings.*

First Colonial Patriot (a century or so ago): "I'm in favor of nominating George Washington for president." Second Colonial Patriot: "Kin he carry New York?" "He kin." "I'm for him."—*New York Sun.*

Reporter: Mr. Donnelly, it begins to look as though you were going to fail in your efforts to prove that Bacon wrote Shakspeare, doesn't it?" Ignatius Donnelly: "My dear sir, as Bacon said, 'There's no such word as fail.'"—*Judge.*

Mrs. John Flighslinger (who paints china): "Oh, John do take this fish off my hook! Isn't it a beauty! But what makes it wriggle so?" John (a brute:) "It's just possible it is thinking of the decorated platter it'll finally bring up on."—*Life.*

Lawyer: "Did you not kiss the plaintiff continually when you called on her?" Defendant (in breach of promise suit): "Yes I never stopped kissing her while I was in the house, but I did that in self-defense to keep her from singing."—*Texas Siftings.*

Politician: "Well Uncle Rastus, who's your man, Harrison or Cleveland?" Uncle Rastus (cautiously): "I'se gwine in dis year for Unc' Rastus, sah; he's my man, Is yo' meanin' any business dis mawnin, Mistah Smif, or am yo' simply feelin' ob de situation?"—*New York Sun.*

He (from Cincinnati): "Where shall you summer, Miss De Pester?" She (from Boston): "In Maine, Mr. Gooseboy. We always go there. Papa wants us to fall in New York, but I'd a good deal rather spring there. A friend of ours autumned in New York last year, and she didn't like it at all."—*Judge.*

Billy: "Tom, ain't you commin' out wid der boys to have a game of ball?" Tom: "Can't. I'se got to go to Sunday school." Billy: "Oh there wont be no Sunday school to-day. We've bin down to the church and tied the teacher hand and legs, to the stove." Tom goes with them.—*Life.*

Minister: "Do my eyes deceive me, or is that a ball game in progress over in that field?" Sexton: "It's a ball game, sir." Minister: "Don't you think I ought to go and rebuke them with my presence?" Sexton: "They are the best clubs in the village, Mr. Thumper." Minister: "Come on! We will rebuke them together."—*Judge.*

"How high is your daughters average this year?" the mother of a fair graduate was asked. "I have forgotten," was the reply; "but her graduating dress cost $75, and I think this is the highest in the class. Her father thinks it was altogether too high, but he doesn't seem to take much interest in his daughter's education."—*Norristown Herald.*

How Sir Giles Divided His Fortune.

By the death of Sir Robert Loder one of the largest fortunes made in the early days of this half century passes from one hand to a large family. The late Giles Loder left his son sixteen years ago the income of nearly two and a half millions of money and a personal estate of a very large sum in addition. This son, the deceased baronet, became a large landed proprietor both in Northamptonshire and in Sussex in addition to holding properties in Russia and Sweden. Of his three estates in Northamptonshire, Whittlebury, the largest and most complete adjoining the properties of the Duke of Grafton and the Duke of Buckingham, and purchased from the trustee of the late Lord Southampton at a cost of £335,000, passes with the baronetcy, and is entailed on the eldest son, Sir Edmund Giles Loder, high sheriff of Northamptonshire, who, in addition to his marriage settlement of £150,000, is left a legacy of £100,000 tied up with the Whittlebury property and the residue of Giles Loder's trust after the powers of appointment are exhausted. The second son, Wilfrid Loder, the banker, is bequeathed the estate of the High Beeches and Duncombe, in the County of Sussex, and the sum of £175,000. To Alfred Loder, of Lillingstone Darrell, in addition to his marriage settlement of £100,000 is given an additional £200,000; to R. B. Loder the estate of Maidwell, Northamptonshire, a settlement of £200,000, and a legacy of £25,000 to Sidney Loder the estate of Floore, in Northamptonshire, and the sum of £225,000; and to Gerald Loder and to Eustace Loder legacies and appointments of £300,000 each. To his eldest daughter, Lady Burrell of Knepp Castle, he leaves the freehold property at Shipley, Sussex, and in addition to her marriage settlement of £100,000 an additional sum of £120,000 is appointed; and to his other daughter, Mrs. Stewart, the wife of Gen. A. Stewart, in addition to her marriage settlement of £100,000, an additional £140,000 is appointed; and to his widow, Lady Loder, in addition to her marriage settlement, an annuity of £3,500 and the use for her life of 42 Grosvenor square. Small sums have also been left to many charitable institutions.—*Manchester Guardian.*

In Great Luck.

Angry Customer (to Mr. Isaacstein)—Dutchy, when I bought this suit two months ago you said it wouldn't fade. Look at the color now! Mr. Isaacstein—My frent, dat vas changed peautifully. I iron you dot suit for dhree tollar und beebles will dink you choost boughd a new von.—*New York Sun.*

A Dire Threat.

"Vat," said the collector for a little German band to a citizen who sat in his front window, "you no gif noddings for dot moosic?" "Not a cent!" replied the citizen, with hopeless emphasis. "Den ve blay some more dat's all!" threatened the collector; so the citizen hastily gave up a quarter.—*Epoch.*

Making Fast Time.

It was at Saratoga, and he had passionately declared his love. "I am wholly yours, Mr. Higgins," the happy girl replied, "but would you kindly leave me your card before you go? Not as a guaranty of good faith," she explained, "but I am curious to know your full name."—*New York Sun.*

An Unsympathetic World.

Americans are rightly considered a kind-hearted race, says the Philadelphia *Times*. They are forgiving almost to a fault. But there is one thing the American people will not forgive; one case where pardon or sympathy may not be hoped for, and this is an attempt at suicide which turns out unsuccessfully.

A case illustrative of this trait occurred in New York a day or so since. It was the old story. A young girl of a romantic nature fell in love with a paper-hanger. As usual, the love was unrequited, and the maiden, who had presumably read many dime novels in her leisure hours, undertook to enact a role which, on paper, has never yet been known to fail. She called at the shop of her adored one. He receceived her with about as much warmth as if she had been a bill-collector calling for the last time, instead of a fond, lovesick girl. "Will you marry me?" she exclaimed softly. "No, indeed," was the unfeeling response. "Then I die," said the girl in a tragic voice, at the same time swallowing the contents of a bottle which she held in her hand. Did the lover throw himself on her prostrate body and beg her to come back to life and share his heart? He did not. He simply rang for a patrol wagon and when it arrived told the driver to take the inanimate form to the nearest station-house. After which he resumed his work like a philosopher.

Arriving at the station-house the young medical man in charge began all the experiments he knew of to bring the girl to life again. He stood her on her head, read extracts from the *Mail and Express*, invited her to dinner at Delmonico's, and in fact, exhausted all the resources of science to bring her to, but without any apparent effect. Just then a police sergeant who was passing remarked that it was a pity she could not be saved, but supposed that alive or dead the penalty would be two years anyhow for an attempt at suicide. The corpse started up with a bound. "Don't run me in Mr. Officer," she entreated with tears in her eyes. "I was only fooling, indeed I was. I wished to try his love and took—only water." And so, indeed, it proved.

The love-sick girl was ignominiously hustled out into a cold, unfeeling world. The young doctor betook himself to a neighboring barroom to meditate upon the triumphs of the medical profession, and the house sergeant, who had performed the miracle of raising the dead to life, went quietly about his business and resolved never to marry a woman who was addicted to the suicide habit. There was no sympathy shown all around.

Critics of the Press.

Newspaper Reporter—Would you be willing to let me have the full text of your graduating essay on "American Journalism?"

Sweet Girl Graduate—I will give it to you gladly. I want you to be sure and print all I say about the pettiness, weakness, absolute idiocy of the press in devoting so much valuable space to mere social events and wearisome, silly, long drawn out descriptions of ladies' toilets.

"I will print it all. By the way, I wish you would write me out a description of your graduating dress, as I want to print it."

"Oh, with pleasure; and please don't forget to send me fifty copies of your paper."—*Omaha World.*

The emblazoning of crests upon equipages is said to be an active industry in Newark, N. J., where one firm makes a specialty of the business. The selection of the crests," according to one writer, "is left largely to the Newark concern. So great is the demand that one of the partners does nothing but hunt up coats-of-arms. He has all the books on heraldry, and also endeavors to trade back his customers' ancestry far enough to find a family tree and a family crest. It isn't an easy job. Half the would-be aristocrats have no trace of their great-grandfathers, while in nearly every instance the records disappear somewhere in the eighteenth century. Occasionally a clear case of family tree is developed, and then the search is easy, and the crest is soon concocted.

The Last Half Hour of Life.

During the last half hour of Emperor Frederick's life, says a writer in *The Queen*, of London, Crown Prince William stood beside the bed, and with difficulty mastered his emotion. For Prince Henry the sight was too much. Whenever he had been in the room five minutes he was obliged to leave it and give way to convulsive sobs. When Sir Morrell Mackenzie said "He is quite dead now," the empress, who had raised her face at the first sound, gave way to a heartrending sob. There was loud wailing and crying. All pressed around the bed, and from the eyes of the new emperor the tears fell thick and fast. After the first agonized spasms were over, the empress rose, and going to where Sir Morrell Mackenzie stood, took his hand and said: "The first words I speak shall be to express my thanks to you for having lengthened my beloved husband's dear life." When the younger members of the family had left the room, the empress drew from her pocket a white silk handkerchief, and begged Sir Morrell Mackenzie to place it round the neck, so as to conceal the canula. She then gave him a thin gold chain with three lockets. Shortly afterward she also brought the order "Pour le Merite" and the Iron Cross, all being arranged according to her direction. She herself arranged the hands over the hilt of the sword.

Barber—How will you have your hair cut to-day? Customer—Like your conversation—short, if you please.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A magazine recently started is called *Woman*. Will saleslaides patronize a publication bearing such a title?—*Drake's Magazine.*

The electric arc lights in the United States now number nearly 200,000; and the incandescents number over 1,000,000.

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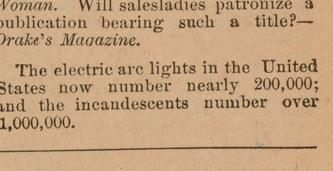

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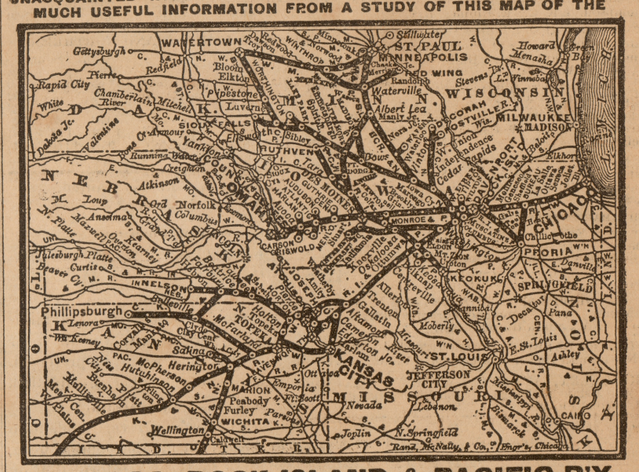

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THE HOME.

The Roll of Honor—Essentials of Home Happiness—For Lemonade Drinkers.

The Roll of Honor.

[Suggested by reading the telegraphic account of the rescue of John Anderson, of Nebraska, after ten day's thralldom in a well that had caved in.]

New names for the roll of honor
The morning paper brings,
Names for the people' peerage
That outranks the list of kings.
Write them beside John Maynard's,
Grace Darling's and his great name
Whose only words when dying
Were, "Signal the coming train."*
Thank God for the people's peerage.
That outranks the list of kings,
The heart's great roll of honor,
And the sacred hopes it brings.
I turn from the sickening story
Of Alcohol's murder and crime,
As the Monday paper tells it,
And read of a deed sublime.
Out in Nebraska a farmer
Was digging his homestead well,
When the earth closed fast around him,
And in that grave-like cell
Ten days he lay in the darkness,
With hunger and horror at strife,
While Archer and Campbell, his comrades,
Like heroes worked on for his life.
He was not their son or their brother,
He was just their neighbor and peer,
But humanity's tie the most royal,
Sirred love in their hearts and smote fear,
The sweet, mystic heavens were above them,
The pure prairie breeze wafted prayer,
And I'm sure snowy pinions af angels
Fanned their foreheads so heavy with care.
How they fought with the clods and the quicksands,
Matched their lives against his own,
Were baffled, afflicted, tormented,
But nerved by their neighbor's moan.
Humanity's heart on the prairies,
As the heart of one is knit,
And from near and far they gather
At the mouth of that horrible pit.
The great kind soul of woman
Sets her helpful hands at work,
And manhood's strength is ready
Where the treacherons quicksands lurk.
The farmers quit their fields,
And the merchants close their stores;
A county of pioneers
Waits at these grave side doors.
John Anderson's a hero,
This live man in the tomb;
He sends them cheerful words,
His skill everts their doom.
At last they cut the boards
That fast have shut him in;
Send down a rope, he catches it,
And silenced is the din
As from his grave they draw him up
For whom all hearts have bled.
"God bless you boys," while strong men weep,
Were all the words he said.
Three cheers for Henry Archer,
And for George Campbell three;
How sweet and clear they ring and swell,
With what a heavenly glee.
But George and Henry, strong to do,
Who all this danger braved,
Break down and cry like children
For John Anderson is saved.
It was a tender story;
We all wept as we read,
And "God has made us brethren all,"
My blessed mother said.
And He is everybody's now,
"John Anderson, my Jo,"
Because He bravely suffered
And was bravely rescued so,
To me it is a figure of the fight we all are in
To put away the poison curse,
Our Nation's greatest sin.
O, brothers who have fallen
While we toil your lives to win,
Be helpful, like John Anderson,
And then your "next of kin,"
Humanity, with its great heart,
Shall no more strive in vain
To lift you from the awful pit
Where myriads have been slain.
Hurrah, then, for John Anderson,
For Henry and for George;
Nebraska hammers out new names
In fame's eternal forge.
Hurrah for old humanity
And what it's heart has done,
And let all say with Tiny Tim,
"God bless us every one."

*Conductor Bradley, celebrated by Whittier. —Inter Ocean.

The Home.

The family is the social unit. The aggregation of these units makes the nation; but the happiness, the morality of the nation can never be superior to that of the average family. As in the construction of a building, each part must be sound to insure the soundness of the whole, so in the social fabric, the firmness of the whole depends upon the sterling qualities of the individual families that compose it. Wherefore the missionary effort most needed in a corrupt age is not that of a preacher who will rail at the people at large for their sins, but that of some unostentatious workers who will patiently endeavor to purify and uplift individuals in their homes, and leaven society in the only way in which it can be leavened—through the family.

For this reason the modern agitation known as "woman's rights" can not be viewed with any feelings save of dread and distrust by honest, conscientious men and women. In spite of the disclaimers of those who uphold the movement to the contrary, we can not but see the deadly inroads which it is making upon the unity and perpetuity of the family, and we cannot, if we have any love for our county and our race, sanction such a very ill-advised movement—to call it by no harder name. We know that the upholders of the movement fiercely deny that their purpose is to disrupt the home, or that any such consequence is likely to follow from the triumph of their ideas, but we need not concern ourselves with probabilities and prophesies when we see all about us the ruin which such ideas are causing. Not only in the individual cases of family unhappiness which nearly every one of us could point out, whose miseries were directly traceable to the pernicious influence over the wife of some active "agitator," but in the growing frequency of divorce, in the lessening percentage of marriage, in the increased number of families who board instead of keeping house, and in other facts, we can trace unmistakably, the waning importance of the home. Now, since the family is the social unit, the home is the all-important social influence. It is not only the creator of national happiness, but it is the conservator of all the national morality, and it is mere nonsense to assert that the morals of the nation at large are corrupt while those within the home are spotless and free from reproach. If a tree is good its fruit will not be corrupt. We have the warrant of Scripture as well as of experience for this fact: "A good tree cannot bring forth evil fruit."

We may say, without pushing the subject further into the unpleasant domain of discussion, that the very attitude of the so-called "reformers" condemns them as the deadliest enemies of the home. This attitude is that of warfare and opposition. So determined are they to fight, that if no real opponent presents himself, they will put up a man of straw to knock down. Now the essential element of home happiness is peace, and when warfare enters there is no more happiness, and the home itself must either be rent asunder, or if sustained, must remain a hell on earth, a living type of the abode of the lost in the inferno of poets and theologians. None of the virtnes can thrive in the chill atmosphere of wrangling and dissent; they shrivel up like roses before the polar winds. Is it possible, then, that children dwelling in such homes can ever make good men and women?

It has been said, and truer word was never uttered, that the happiness and well-being of the race depends upon the kindly feeling of the sexes toward each other. And this does not simply include the passional attraction between man and woman, which is Nature's provision to insure the perpetuation of the race, but also takes in affection, founded on the various kindly relations existing between the sexes in all civilized countries. It comprehends not only the filial devotion of the son to the mother, the frank kindness of the brother to the sister, the tender protecting love of the father toward the daughter, but also a duteous return of affection and kindly offices on the part of the daughter, sister, and mother. The maternal instinct, being an inheritance of the animal nature as well as the spiritual in the human race, is very strong; it is nature's second provision for the preservation of the race, since of the infant being was not cared for it would perish during the helpless period of infancy. But the other forms of family love are the growths of civilization, and mark, distinctly, the spiritual advance of the family type of to-day over that of the savage tribes. And when we compare the condition of women in the educated Anglo-Saxon community, and that among Hottentots, and remember that the triumph over nature, of which our nineteenth century science is the very flower and perfection, has been altogether won by the sturdy strength and the dauntless courage of the masculine half of humanity, it seems to us that woman's gratitude is, to a degree at least, due to those stronghanded and brave-spirited fathers, husbands, and brothers.

But we do not wish to condemn or even carp at "either side of the house." The home unity which is to make the family hearth the sweetest place this side of heaven can only be assured when each member thereof sees his (or her) own faults rather than another's, and seeks, not his (or her) well-being first, but that of other members. When the wife, sister, mother, daughter does not say, "Am I getting all my proper rights from the others?" but, "Am I doing all in my power to make the other members of my family happy?" And when the husband does not growl to himself that his wife is growing very careless of her duties, but asks himself whether his generous duty as a protector and friend is duly fulfilled. "Love thyself last," said Shakespeare, and if this principle could be made the guiding rule of all lives the very shunshine of heaven would irradiate our united, happy homes.—*Chicago Housekeeper.*

Hungarian Centenarians.

Talk of longevity! Here is a well-authenticated little story of a family of centenarians in Hungary, oil paintings of several members of which are now in the possession of a family at Aix-la-Chapelle. At the back of the life-size picture of the old gentleman there is an inscription in the quaint old-fashioned German to this effect: "Janos Robin at the age of 172 years Graeci Ritus; has been married 147 years, was born and lives at Szodora, his children, two sons and two daughters, are still alive; the youngest of them is 116 years old, and has two great-grandchildren, of whom one is 35 and the other 27 years old." The inscription at the back of the old lady's picture is: "Sara, his lawful wife, age 168, born at Szodora." And this happy family actually emigrated from the scene of his long labors as tiller of the soil and ended his days, if the old chronicles are right, in some corner of Silesia.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Items.

Beware of that being who indulges in an uncontroled temper, if you desire peace and happiness. Many a lofty mind and noble genius has by its influence become the bane of friendship, the curse of home, and the dread of society. It destroys the peace of families, poisons the fountains of happiness, and dries up the source of every pleasure. Beauty, wit, wealth, talents, fame and honor can never be a substitute. This one gem outweighs them all—an amiable temper.—*Good Cheer.*

Citizen—"What's this, Uncle Rastus, bill of $6 for sawing a cord of wood?"

Uncle Rastus—"Yes, sah; three days, two dollahs er day."

Citizen—"But it doesn't take you three days to saw one cord of wood?"

Uncle Rastus—"It do, sah, when I wuk by de day."

Citizen—"H– m. How would it do, Uncle Rastus, if I settled the bill by giving you the wood?"

Uncle Rastus (dubiously)—"Dat wood am only wuth 'bout foah dollahs, sah."

Citizen—"True. Well, what if I should throw in the saw and sawbuck?"

Uncle Rastus—"I spec's dat wud be 'bout right. Jes' receep de bill, Mistah Smif, wif my name hitched onto it. I kaint write, but, bref de Lord, I kin saw wood."—*New York Sun.*

Patient (convalescing rapidly, and timidly hoping that the doctor will allow him a cup of his favorite beverage)—"Doctor, may I have a small cup of coffee?"

Physician (in a tone of mingled anger and amazement)—"Java coffee!"

Patient (frightened, but still hoping)—"Yes, sir."

Physician (as if just hesitating to pronounce an anathema)—"With milk in it?"

Patient (hopelessly but stubbornly)—"Yes, if I can have it."

Physician (voice choking with indignant emotion)—"And two lumps of sugar?"

Patient (as if giving up all hope and maddened by apparent disappointment—"Yes."

Doctor (as if unable longer to restrain the torrent of his wrath)—"I don't think it would do you a bit of harm."—*Boston Transcript.*

ANGELICA.

Fair is my love, so fair,
I shudder with the sense
Of what a light the world would lose
Could she go hence.

Sweet is my love, so sweet,
The leaves that, fold on fold,
Swathe up he ordors of the rose,
Less sweetness hold.

True is my love, so true;
Her heart is mine alone,
The music of its rythmic beat
Throbs through my own.

Dear is my love, so dear,
If I but hear her name,
My eyes with tears of rapture swim
My cheek is flame.

Spare her, immortal, spare,
'Till all our days are done,
Your heaven is full of angel forms,
Mine holds but one.
—*William Sawyer.*

"Miss Anna."

Or, The Pet of a Confederate Soldier —A Story of the War.

Coffee had just been served and the room was filled with smoke and that genial after-glow of pleasant, reminiscent talk that always follows a good dinner, and especially a dinner where old friends have met, old friendships been revived and old stories told. These men have been comrades in war, and served under the same flag, held the same political opinions and suffered the same losses. Each had told his story, when our host turned toward me and said:

"Well, Harrison, we are waiting for your story."

Harrison smiled deprecatingly, gazed into the fire, and then began the following, in his soft, Southern drawl:

Well, my story happened when we were in Georgia, just outside of Marietta, and our mess consisted of six men—two Georgians, one Alabamian, a Virginian, myself, and a Creole, with a beautiful face and a tenor voice that would charm the birds from the trees, named, singularly enough, Orphee. We became a very tuneful set under his inspiration, and exchanged musical information with much generosity. Our favorite air was that famous camp song, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground." You should have heard us sing it. Orphee's tenor, my barytone, and the three other fellows chiming in softly, until the very pine trees stopped whispering to listen and the fire burned softly in admiration, and war somehow did not seem so hard and cruel. Well, one dark night we were sitting around the fire, discussing with unwearied enthusiasm the prospects of the cause, when we heard irregular footsteps outside, and paused in our talk to listen.

"You can turn in here until further orders," said our lieutenant's cheery voice, and a minute afterward a short, thickset man entered. He made an apologetic little bow, shook himself like a dog, and, taking off his large wideawake, disclosed a dark, square face, with shy dark eyes, blue-black hair and a wide firm mouth. He smiled tenderly, giving an air of great sweetness to an otherwise sombre face. He sat down on a blanket, Turkish fashions, quietly hoped he was not disturbing us and then dropped his eyes meditatively on the ground. Silence reigned. We were too disconsolate to be polite, and so listened uneasily to the slow indefnite stirrings of the wind through the trees, when suddenly a new sound arose, as of stealthy, uncertain footsteps coming nearer, and nearer. The new comer pricked up his ears, and his face wore an expression almost approaching guilt. "A spy" was my first illogical conclusion as I rose to my feet and waited expectantly.

The flap of the tent stirred slightly, cautiously; the wind rose and swept the darkened landscape; the rain poured down with a rush, as if to give a tragic significance to what was about to happen, for—something did happen—the flap was suddenly pushed aside, and a goat walked in and went straight to the stranger, who received her with an indescribable tenderness of look and jesture.

"A rum go," said the Virginian under his breath.

We all agreed, but contented ourselves with staring at the strange spectacle of a man and a goat fondling each other with uncouth marks of affection. After a while we resumed our old lazy positions and silently awaited futher developements. The little man signed the goat to a remote spot, where she lay down, and then turning toward us said, as if taking up an unrepressed thought: "You see, boys, I could not help it if Nannie would follow me. I have been good to her and she remembered it. I had to leave home secretly to escape her, and all through the journey I felt like a scuondle, and now—well, here she is."

He stopped abruptly without waiting for comment, and lay down with a short good night. I lay awake several hours after the others, wonderingdly as to the probable tie which bound the new comer to the goat, but arrived at no solution. From that night Parsons and his goat became a subject of never ending speculation to the mess. He was very quiet and unobtrasive, never resenting, although contriving to evade impertinent questions and bearing everything with a good nature amounting to stupidity. As for the goat she became the hapless butt of the whole division. We called her derisively "Miss Anna," treating her with any amount of mock consideration that made Parson's eyes fairly glisten with appreciation. The second night after their arrival we began to sing, as usual, when the Virginian rose, and in a speech the delicate humor of which I shall not attempt to reproduce, begged that "Miss Anna's" rest should not be broken by our rude chanting.

I shall never forget the broken, tender, deprecating little reply that came from Parsons, and how we consented at last to sing. His face was so rapt as he sat beating time with his forefinger and occasionally quavering out an effective "Dying To-night, Dying To-night," which we sang as if our very lifeblood were ebbing away, that I began to realize the absolute cowardice of ridiculing a perfectly innocent, unconscious man. I began to try and shield him from the funmakers, and was finally joined by Orphee, who became his more ardent and eloqnent partisan. As for Parsons, he grew almost to worship the handsome, sweet-voiced lad.

One luckless afternoon. Parsons, Orphee and I strolled off together, leaving "Miss Anna" to the mercies of our mess, but tormented by some vague presentiment of evil, I induced my companions to return a little earlier than they intended. As we neared the tent my ear caught the sounds of derision that came first from our Virginian, and were then finally caught up by the others and ended in peal after peal of laughter. We pushed eagerly in. Alas, "Miss Anna," decked out in the most ridiculous toggery, had been tied between four stakes driven into the ground and the men were engaged in pricking her with pine burrs until the poor animal fairly writhed with agony. In a minute we had freed her and Parsons held the poor bleeding creature close to his breast. His small, square figure seemed to rise and dilate with a certain sense of superior power, as he turned his blanched face and blazing eyes upon the crowd.

"You call yourselves gentlemen," he said harshly, "you, who have tortured a poor, dumb, defenseless creature, left in your care. Thank God my meaning of the word is different! You have no excuse. You are all supposed to be men, and honorable men, men who are fighting for the rights of their country, and yet you amuse yourselves with sesseless cruelty such as you have practiced this afternoon. You have branded yourselves as cowards and liars, for"—his voice broke suddenly—"I trusted you."

There was an ominous, threatning stir in the little tent, and several men stepped out toward the speaker, picturesque in his very unpicturesqueness, whose grotesque figure stood out sharply against the bit of landscape showing through the opening of the tent. But his face awed them back. The goat turned, and moaned pitifully, rubbing her nose against Parsons' coat with mute insistence. His face softened wonderingly, he seemed to forget the men, his anger, everything, and he whispered to her in soft, caressing tones.

"You have followed me through thick and thin, Miss Anna. When the overflow came and we were starving, it was you who struggled back to us through the water, and it was your milk that kept us alive. Everything depended then on your strength. We called our baby after you, and when the poor little one died it cut me cruelly, cruelly. I can never forgive this day's work. Be brave, Miss Anna, be brave," and putting his cheek on Miss Anna's head the tears fairly rolled out of his eyes.

He stopped a minute, drawing in his breath in short, quick little sobs and threw out both hands with a forlorn gesture of abandonment.

"O! great God! I was lonely when wife and babies all were dead, and I loved Miss Anna then; I love her now as the one relic left me of that beautiful, vanished past. Then the war came and I tried to leave you, thinking it would be best, but you followed me to be ridiculed, despised and even tortured. All the conduct of the last week breaks over me and I see what a blind fool I have been."

"Parsons, you are to go on picket duty to-night, and you had better start now," called in the voice of our lieutenant. The men, now thoroughly ashamed of themselves, came nearer and were about to offer some heartfelt words of apology, but Parsons turned away, and delivering "Miss Anna" over to Orphee, said pleadingly:

"If anything should happen to me, you will take care of her?"

Orphee's eyes filled with tears as he pressed the extended hand.

Without another word or look Parsons strode out into the dark.

"We're brutes, cowardly brutes," said our Virginian, disgustedly.

"I would rather face a million Yankees than hear that man's story told in that voice again," said another.

That night was a weary one. We could not forget the solemn figure, the dark, patient face, the broken, harsh, tender voice, and the pines above and the river far away seemed to mingle their grief at our cowardice and brutality. Meanwhile "Miss Anna" slept peacefully on the best blankets of the mess, while we lay there sleepless, thoughtful, unhappy, even the greater issue of the war momentarily forgotten.

With the dawn came action. The Yankees were upon us, and we fought like wildcats. As evening came on, the fight was suspended, and when our mess met everybody was there, "Miss Anna" included, except Parsons. We had made up a scheme to beg his forgiveness and to swear to be gentlemen, at least. Each of us had a separate speech of apology to make, expressive of shame and contrition. When night settled down, and Parsons did not appear, we grew anxious and sat silently around, not daring to breathe the great fear uppermost in our minds. "Miss Anna," too, walked up and down uneasily, sniffing the air and rubbing her nose against any convenient shoulder. As we sat thus, our lieutenant called in to me—

Harrison, step here a minute."

I arose and went out a little unsteadily.

"Parsons was hurt last night, on guard, and has asked to see you. Go now, there isn't much time, I'm afraid."

He turned to lead the way.

"I may tell them?" I asked.

"No use," he answered shortly, as Orphee's stricken face appeared in the doorway.

Well, I followed him to the rude hut selected for our hospital. It was lighted by torches, and the surgeons were busy with the men who had fallen in that day's fight. In the farthest corner of the room lay Parsons. I knelt down by him and took his hand. He smiled faintly, reassuringly, and whispered:

"It's not so hard—it was so quick, you know—like a flash, a burn, and then a dull pain. Only I lay there so long, Harrison, that I thought everything very clearly out, and I'm sorry. How could those fellows know? I am afraid I lost my temper. I'm such a devil of a fellow when I lose my temper," pathetically, "and, Harrison, I beg your pardon, old fellow—but Miss Anna?"

His eyes apologized amply for this inquiry, and I went in search of the men and their charge.

They followed me eargerly, and we unconsciously fell into a procession and moved through the door with "Miss Anna" in our midst. It must have been a strange sight, a halfdozen men and a goat marching solemnly up the isle of the rude cabin, but to the credit of human nature be it said, nobody laughed or seemed to observe the humorous side of the situation.

"Miss Anna!"

The voice broke like a sob across the stillness, and the faithful friend pressed close to her master's side. The strong men who had faced death so unflinchingly all day, quivered and shrank before this new phase. Orphee looked longingly into the dying face as the white lips murmured of bygone days of baby hands and tender, wifely kisses.

"Miss Anna," the voice began again, weakly, "the boys all know and love her," and then suddenly recolecting, he turned his eyes on the manly bearded faces around him, and noted their moist eyes, then with the old frank smile of appreciation, he muttered: "Dying tonight, dying tonight. Sing it, Orphee."

The river rushed and sang, the wind sighed airily through the sorrowful pines, but distinct and clear rose the voice of Orphee, that sweet, high tenor, thrilling with tears and pathos. It quivered and fell as it reached the chorus, and the "dying to-night" was sobbed out on his knees as he held the poor, cold hands close to his breast. The wounded men turned on the rough floor, the surgeons desisted from their work, and one little fellow, his breast shot to pieces, crossed himself involuntarily, stirred by the sorrowful sweetness.

Again Parsons spoke:

"Be good, boys, to 'Miss Anna.' No better, truer sweetheart could you find. Say with me now, God bless 'Miss Anna.'"

And we said it with him.

"Amen," he answered solemnly, and with a spasm of pain he was lying there quite still, smiling tenderly as of old, with "Miss Anna" close to his breast.

"And 'Miss Anna?'" asked the host.

"Was shot down the next morning in the first charge."

There was silence for a few minutes, and then Harrison raised his glass and looked wistfully around. In an instant the glasses were refilled, and with reverently bowed heads and hushed tones, the whole room drank to the memory of "Miss Anna."—*New Orleans Times Democrat.*

A Disgusted Texan.

An old frontiersman named Dempsy from Western Texas who is very much disposed to grumble, happened to be in New York last week. He visited *Texas Siftings* office and we asked him:

"Have you been to see Buffalo Bill's show?"

"Yes, I went thar day before yesterday," he replied with a somewhat disgusted expression.

"How did you like it?"

"Wall, I reckon the Injuns and the cowboys are good enough, but thar's lots of things out thar I never seed on no prairie."

"Well, what, for instance?"

"I never seed boys on the frontier going around selling peanuts. There ain't no beer saloons out on the prairies. You don't find no policemen with clubs out on the frontier, either."

"Well, you can hardly expect Mr. Cody to carry around a real western frontier, including a forty-mile prairie and a distant mountain range, can you."

No, I don't quite expect him to do that, but just look at the log cabin. When ever a little breeze came the logs flopped about. I never seed that on the frontier exceptin' when thar's a cyclone, and there wasn't no cyclone out on Staten Island."

"The logs are painted on canvas, or white domestic, of course."

"It ain't that way on the frontier. I never seed a log cabin that didn't have a lot of chickens and dogs and white headed children around."

"Anything else wrong?"

"That woman that comes out of the cabin and looks around among the audience for Indian signs is a fool. She cuts up wood and makes a fire to cook breakfast, when I got a square meal within five minutes' walk for fifteen cents. Western women ain't no fools. I'm going to leave to-day for Western Texas, whar I can see the rale article onct more."—*Texas Siftings.*

True Style in 1850.

There is a good old gentleman in Boston who was a strapping young society man as far back as 1850, and he gives the *Herald* of that city some interesting recollections of life there at that period:

The furniture in city houses especially, often costly enough, was almost without exception dreadful. The carpets of enormous patterns and discordant colors, and the furniture of excessively varnished rosewood of some like material, and always in "sets," were things to shudder at. The costumes of the women were in keeping with the houses.

Not only did the ladies wear long trousers of some white material that came so low that it was impossible for the wearers to walk without getting them in the dust or mire, but the small girl was rigged out in the same preposterous garments, it being thought highly immoral for a tot of six to expose her ankles.

The ladies' boots, made usually of cloth, were heelless, laced at the side and came not quite to the ankle bone, while the one-button gloves left the wrist entirely bare. The nearer the female forehead reached to the back of the head the lovelier, many even shaving the central portion to enhance their "beauty."

Any hair that was golden or yellow was thought almost a deformity and a girl with sunny tresses was looked upon as hideous, was taunted as a "red head," and generally used a lead comb or some wash to make her golden tresses conform as nearly as possible to the prevailing standard. All women plastered their hair in a hard, flat mass tight to the skull with bandoline or some other mucilaginous substance as low down as the ears and then had it twisted in stiff, wire-like spirals or puffed out like blinders.

From the Pages of History.

Skiold, the first King of Denmark, is said to have reigned in the year 60 B. C.

In the reign of Ogyges, King of Attica, 1764 B. C., a deluge so inundated Attica that it lay waste for nearly 200 years.

James II. succeeded to the throne of England February 6, 1685; abdicated December 11, 1688; died in exile September 16, 1701.

The Dutch made the first settlement in what is now the City of New York in 1614, but the settlement was captured by the English half a century later.

The famous Chinese wall is said to have been erected about 300 B. C. In 1879 it was reported to be 1,728 miles long, eighteen feet wide and fifteen feet thick.

A Colonial Congress met at Albany, N. Y., in the summer of 1754, at which an attempt was made to confederate the colonies. Another was held in New York to take action in opposition to the odious stamp act.

Elba was conferred, with the title of Emperor, upon Napoleon when he relinquished the French throne, April 5, 1814 and here he resided until February 25, 1815, when he secretly left it, and started on his last and fatal attempt to dominate Europe.

The crown of King Alfred the Great had two little bells attached, according to an ancient chronicle dating A. D. 872. It is said to have been long preserved at Westminster, and may have been that described in the parl amentary inventory taken in 1649.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.

Strange Sights Beheld by Two Venturesome Texans—A Ghastly Voodoo Sacrifice.

A Sartartia (Tex.) correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: Upon the country road leading from this place to Richmond, the county seat, is an old deserted house that bears the reputation of being haunted, and in consequence is avoided by the colored people at night, and is only passed in broad daylight when company is to be had. The house presents a most desolate appearance with its shutterless windows and ruined chimney. It is a notable fact that no green thing grows within one hundred feet of this house. All around is as bare as if fire had laid waste, but outside this barren circle immense oaks and lofty elms stand like giant sentinels draped in the gray moss that adds, with its funeral hangings, to the ghostly aspect of the place.

Various extravagant stories are in circulation regarding this haunted house, but no one has possessed any accurate knowledge of its history and mystery. The oldest inhabitants in the county say that thirty years ago the place looked very much the same as it does now. Indeed, decayed and ruined as it is it seems as if time has no power to demolish it. That it has been left as a monument of a frightful crime was proved by the sights witnessed within it a few nights ago by two well-known farmers of this neighborhood. One of these gentlemen was riding along the road which runs about two hundred yards from this house, when his horse suddenly shied and all but threw him. The animal was his ordinary saddle horse, and had never been known to do such a thing before, so Mr. N. concluded that some small insect had bitten him, for the moon, shining brightly, showed that there was no one near, at least in the road. The large trees and undergrowth on both sides, however, prevented him from seeing any great distance to the right or left. The horse refused to stir, and on being struck with the whip reared up and then began to whinny, as if in fright. Mr. A. now decided to alight, and was about to do so when something ran across the road, emerging from the underbrush on the left and darting in the direction of the house. It was gone in a second, but Mr. A. saw that it was a human form, bent and twisted in a most unnatural manner, and about the size of a twelve-year-old girl.

Whether the gentleman would have tarried to investigate the matter alone, had not his horse decided in the negative, will never be known, for the sagacious animal took to his heels and never stopped until he reached home. But Mr. N. persuaded his brother-in-law, Mr. A., to spend the next night with him in the haunted house, and, equipped with double-barreled shotguns, a revolver, and plenty of candles, the two departed. On reaching the house half a dozen of the candles were disposed about the smaller of the two rooms the house contained, and the weapons handy. The second and back room was nearly twice as large, and in the middle of it stood a large kettle somewhat like those used now for boiling syrup in sugar mills, though this had been there long before there was such a thing as a sugar mill in the country. This kettle was red with rust, and entirely empty.

The gentlemen, after a brief inspection, returned to the front room. The windows were guiltless of glass and the shutters, as I said before, were gone, so that the wind caused the candles to glare fitfully. An unnatural silence reigned, which Mr. A. found so oppressive that he proposed a game of cards to his campanion, who consented. They played about an hour, when a stifling odor, like the fumes of sulphur, filled the room, and a hand, long, hairy, and gnarled, with cruel, hooked fingers, made a clutch at the cards and flung them to the floor. The hand alone was visible. All about and beyond the wrist was curling smoke. The men sprang to their feet and Mr. A. made an attempt to seize the hand, but it was gone and a half howl, half laugh ran through the room.

Mr. N. says he felt himself slapped in the face and could not see who dealt the blow. Running to the guns they found that the charges of both had been drawn, and the revolver was dripping wet, though all three weapons had been in their sight all through the game of cards. The interior of the room was dimly but sufficiently lighted by the candles to show them every object in it, and the sulphurous smell was unaccompanied by any smoke. While they gazed uneasily at each other the house was violently shaken and cries of exultation, terror, and pain broke out from every part of it, making a horrid medley. There was a sound of running, naked feet in the back room, and the two men made a rush for it. The crazy door between the two apartments was slammed loudly as they passed through. They found the room illuminated with an unearthly, yellowish light, which, curiously enough, appeared to emanate from the old kettle, which, upon being approached, was found to be filled with a simmering, transparent mass, evidently hot, although there was no fire beneath the kettle. While they looked the sound of the naked feet flying about the room was still heard, and presently the gentleman perceived a child of a delicate, fair appearance running round and round the kettle, pursued by the strange object which had frightened Mr. N's horse the night before. This creature had almost lost all resemblance to a human being, but possessed the features of a woman. Long, light hair fell about the face, the eyes of which were gleaming like coals, and fixed with an indescribably greedy look on the child. The two men found themselves held fast in an icy chain of terror, unable to interfere in the horrible scene that ensued.

The child was overtaken by the monster, and with incredible quickness was dismembered and the various portions of its body thrown into the quivering mess in the kettle, which, as it received the parts, bubbled and worked as if alive. The hideous being stamped its bare foot on the floor, and instantly a stream of colored people entered. Each face had that dull, dead absence of color seen only in the face of a dead colored man, but their eyes glowed with an unholy fire. After performing a frantic dance they closed about the kettle, and the woman-fiend that presided over it produced a skull from some part of her strange dress, and, dipping it into the bubbling contents of the vessel, gave them one after another a long drink from it. As each received his portion a sort of ecstacy seized him, and, falling upon the floor, rolled and twisted, uttering sharp, short yelps like a dog going mad. When all had drank, the distributor included, she sprang into the kettle and laid her body in the contents. Her head she would dip down into the mess repeatedly, until her unkept hair stood out in stiffened, separate strands. This singular bath enjoyed for some time the creature leaped from it with amazing agility and proceeded to take a promenade over the prostrate bodies of the colored men, who had grown quiet. Faster and faster this walk grew until it became a dance. Suddenly, with a shriek, the colored men sprang up and the room became filled with their whirling diabolical figures.

Mr. A. says at this point he recovered himself and his blood resumed its interrupted flow. Stepping forward he cried aloud: "In the name of God!" and found himself instantly in the dark. Directed by the lights in the next room he had his companion groped their way to the door. The front room was just as they had left it, but the candles had nearly burned down. Not even stopping to put these out they seized their weapons and went home.

Your correspondent called on these gentlemen the next day, and, though undisguisedly shuddering at the remembrance of their horrible experience, they related what I write. Being asked his opinion of the meaning of the dreadful sights he had seen Mr. N——replied that he could only say that they recalled an old story told him by his father who was one of the earliest settlers in the country. It was to the effect that voodooism and its unholy rights had been practiced by some colored people in the neighborhood just about the period when a little child of one of the pioneers had disappeared. It was thought at the time that it had strayed off into the canebrake and there had fallen a prey to the panthers, which were very numerous and ferocious. The child's bones, white and clean, having been found in the brake, confirmed this belief. A party of gentlemen is now being made up to visit the accursed house and to demolish it.

An Elephant Funeral.

The following letter from a planter in Ceylon mentions an extraordinary incident—the removal of the body of a dead elephant by its comrades of the herd: "I went after a herd of eight elephants, and came up with them about 3 p. m. After stalking I got a chance at the one which seemed about the biggest of the herd, and dropped it at the first shot. It turned out to be a big cow elephant. About two hours afterward I had the tail and feet cut off and taken to the bungalow. Next morning I went to the spot to look at the elephant and found her, or what remained of her, non est.

After looking around, I saw the herd had been around during the night, and I soon discovered a track where they seemed to have retired in a body. I followed this up through a thick bamboo jungle, and about five hundred yards further on, I came upon the dead elephant, lying in the bottom of a rocky stream. Judging from appearances, the body of the elephant had been carried to the top of the bank, and from there rolled into the stream. From the tracks, it was quite evident that the body had not been rolled but carried to the bank, and it was plain that it had been rolled through the managrass, which grows on the sides of the stream. The jungle through which the body was brought to the stream was very heavy, with bamboos growing close, and the track which the elephants made was several yards wide.

"Some surprise was expressed at the circumstances to my neighbors till I showed them where the elephant had been shot and where its tail and feet had been cut off, and where the body lay in the stream, which proved conclusively that by some means or other the body had got over the intervening space in the night." It is difficult to understand how elephants with their trunks and feet could raise and support the dead body of a comrade. However, they seemed to have managed to do it. —*St. James' Gazette.*

Dangerous.

"I am going to stop bathing," said a friend of mine, of good habits, this morning. The statement staggered me, for I knew he did not belong to the "great unwashed," nor was he in any way retrograding toward that bathless class, the tramps. He proceeded to explain: "You see, my wife's brother is a young physician, and my wife's father is an old physician. My own father reads medical works and talks a great deal about them. A near neighbor of ours is a rising young doctor, and through him a number of medical men have visited us, and we have met the M. D.'s also at his house. Now, in such an atmosphere of wisdom you would think me safe. But I feel I am not. About everything I do from the time I get up until I retire, in the way of eating, drinking, washing, riding or bathing is dangerous! I say 'dangerous' because that is the term they, the doctors, use. I am most alarmed about bathing. My father has found it in the books that it is dangerous to bath while warm. My wife's father says it is dangerous to bath while cold or chilly. Her brother asserts that only the strongest persons dare bath on arising without first taking food. The same wise young doctor says it is dangerous and debilitating to bath just before retiring. They all agree that it is dangerous to jump into water after eating heartily. Nothing has been said about getting up in the middle of the night and taking a light lunch and a bath, nor about leaving business in the middle of the afternoon and going to a bath-house for an hour, but as both these times are very inconvenient for me to indulge in ablutions, I have decided on the only alternative, not to bathe at all."—*Chicago Tribune.*

From Mud Baths to Suicide.

When it comes to genuine cures, Las Vegas, N. M., can show up some tall stories. Most of the cures are effected by mud baths, which are a novel feature. The patient is plastered over from head to foot with extremely hot mud, made by mixing prairie loam with the hot mineral water. The nose, mouth, eyes and ears are left uncovered. He is then placed in a tub of the mud and left there half an hour, after which his dirty coating is scraped off. A shower bath of hot water follows, then a plunge in a tank of it; after which comes the massage by a professional; half an hour's siesta—the patient sleeping, wrapped in a sheet, in a room the temperature of which is about 98 degrees—and after this another rubbing. If rheumatism survives this treatment long, the patient's only hope for relief lies in suicide.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, AUG. 23, 1888.

THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

O. W. Holmes.

O, for one hour of youthful joy!
Give back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-beard king!

Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!

One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!

—My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"

—Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

—The angle took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew,
"The man would be a boy again,
And be a husband too!"

—"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all their gifts have fled
With those dissolving years!"

Why, yes; for memory would recall
My fond parental joys;
I could not bear to leave them all;
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys!

The smiling angel dropped his pen,—
"Why, this will never do;
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father too!"

And so I laughed,—my laughter woke
The household with its noise,—
And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys.

Names by the Way.

WAPWALLOPEN, PA., Aug. 13, 1888.

There are names and names, and Michigan, with her unique geographical vocabulary, doth not monopolize them all.

In proof of this assertion, your correspondent cites the above date and numerous other names which the reader must encounter before finding the end of this article.

Without repeating the name, it may be well to say the above mentioned town, a U. S. postoffice and station on the Pennsylvania R. R., is beautifully located on the south bank of the Susquehanna River in Luzerne county. A half mile from the village, a rocky cliff rises some 600 feet above the river bed, affording a magnificent view of wood and farm lands, mountains, ravines, and the windings of the river. Cutting through the mountains at the rear of the town, is a deep ravine, in which are located the Dupont powder mills, among the largest in the country. Here is being prepared much of the material that will be used in celebrating the election of Harrison and Morton next November.

Among her neighbors, Wapwallopen numbers Mocanaqua, Shickshinny, Nanticoke, Catawissa, Tohicken, Quaquake, Tamanend, Chillisquaque, Chulacky, Minooka, Lutsay and Neequehoning.

In coming into this region, the traveler may take the Lehigh Valley R. R., passing through Meshoppen, Mehoopany, Tunkhannock, Mauch Chunk, Catasauqua, and Hokendauqua; or the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R., visiting Williwanna, Chinchilla, Tobyhanna, Pocono, Manunka Chunk, and Analomink.

With one or two exceptions, these towns are all in Eastern Pennsylvania.

Passing into Eastern New York, one may visit Chatatouk, Kellawog, Chittenango, Skaneateles, Niskayuna, Tiashoke, Schaghticoke, Tuckahoe, Shekemeko, Shunpike, Willowemock, Ronkonkoma, Coxsackie, Saugerties, Shinhopple, Shandaken, Breakabeen, Binnewater, Tomhannock, Cutchogue, Patchogue, Aquebogue, and other like places—if he wants to.

A grim satisfaction ought to come to the numerous ex-offensive-partisan railway mail agent as he recalleth the long list of names, of which the above is but a faint indication, and imagineth the grapplings therewith of his "civil service" successor. Also (if such a thing were imaginable) the mournful mugwump ought to rejoice that in the distribution of spoils, so very few appointments escaped the "hungry and thirsty."

The writer has been in many of the places named and he yet liveth.

F. E. C.

Local Excursions for August.

Base Ball Games at Detroit August 23rd, Detroit vs. Chicago; August 27th, Detroit vs. Indianapolis. One fare for round trip with 50 cents added for admission to games.

Grand International Regatta at Mackinaw Island, Aug. 14, 15, 16. Tickets will be sold Aug. 12 to 15, good to return until August 20 inclusive, at one fare for the round trip.

Centennial Exposition at Cincinnati, O. Tickets will be sold on Thursday of each week until October 27th, good going on date of sale and returning within five days, at one and one-third fare for the round trip.

Colored Knights Templars at Kalamazoo August 20 and 21. One and one-third fare for round trip.

Five Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., will sell on Tuesdays, August 21st, Sept. 11th and 25th, and Oct. 9th and 23d, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of train, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your Ticket Agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago. 3759

Don't Give Up

because you feel blue and are troubled with tired and all-gone feeling. Do as I did, use a bottle of Sulphur Bitters, it will make you feel like a new person; it did me. JENNIE HOLMES, 354 Tremont street, Boston. 501

For Sale.

2 brick blocks on Congress street,
3 houses and lots " "
3 " " Huron "
2 " " Hamilton "
1 house and lot on East Cross "
1 " " Prospect "
1 " " Adams "
1 " " Forest avenue.
Also houses to rent. Inquire of
E. B. MOREHOUSE.

Neighborhood.

WILLIS.

The Anniversary of Fraternity Grange, held on the eighteenth, was not largely attended, on account of press of work, but the afternoon was very pleasantly passed.

Mr. and Mrs. Breining visited his sister, near Haverly, last week.

Mrs. Morgan received a telegram last week informing her of the death of her grandson, Wm. Spalding, who was killed by a falling tree in a northern lumber camp.

BELLEVILLE.

Miss Kittie Brown, of Detroit, is the guest of Mrs. Edward McIntosh this week.

Milo W. Whittaker left for Monroe, Tuesday, where he will visit frinds for a week.

Frank Felt of New Boston was in town Monday.

Sunday school picnic one week from next Saturday.

Emmet Ryan has been engaged as teacher for the ensuing year.

Mrs. Fran and daughter, have returned home.

Our artists have pulled up their tents and left for parts unknown.

The school house is receiving a coat of paint.

Johnnie Lee is visiting at Toledo.

Tressa Stafford, of Chelsea, is visiting at John VanAllen's.

Freeman Carr "hollers, all aboard," for the Belleville House.

DENTONS.

Do you notice the days are growing shorter?

The farmers are busy in all directions threshing out the golden harvest, and the average yield is much better than expected.

F. C. Anderson and his brother Henry, have bought out a hardware stock at Plymouth, and will engage in this line of business at that place at once. Mrs. Anderson will remain here as usual and run the postoffice and store.

The Young People's Literary Society held their semi-monthly meeting Tuesday evening at the residence of T. B. Moon.

The M. E. Church Sunday School has decided to hold a basket picnic Saturday, Sept. 1. It has not been decided yet where the pleasure party will be held.

Miss Vernie Gorham has just returned home after spending several weeks with friends at Detroit.

Campbell & Nowlin are shipping large quantities of oak lumber from this station at present.

L. R. Cobb has decided to take a course in the Detroit Medical College, and will close up his store and business here about Sept. 1st.

Rev. A. J. Lowery and wife returned from their visit to New Jersey, last week Thursday, and enjoyed the trip very much. During their absence, the ladies of the M. E. Church decided to give them a little surprise upon their return home, in the shape of a new rag carpet of 25 yards, made and woven during their three weeks vacation.

The Denton base ball club, desiring to replenish their treasury, opened up the skating rink here last Saturday for this purpose. There was a large turnout of old skaters. The club did intend to hold only one evening for this amusement but it was decided to hold a few more evenings for their benefit. The rink will be opened again Saturday evening, Sept. 1. All lovers of the rollers are most cordially invited to come and have a good time.

Our base ball club play with the Milands this week Saturday, at that place. We hope they won't get knocked out as badly as the great Detroits.

Frank Hurd Concedes New York.

From the New York Sun.

The Hon. Frank Hurd has been sent out by the democratic campaign managers to deliver political speeches in Minnesota, Iowa and Michigan. Passing through Washington on the way he said to a friend of his, who thought himself at liberty to repeat it, "that the democrats could not win New York this year, and the party must look to the northwest for electoral votes."

The first duty of Col. Brice and the other members of the national committee should be to call Mr. Hurd back. He should not be trusted by them anywhere. He talks to much with his mouth. He is deficient in common sense, as well as in the faculty of self-control. He may know how to make free trade speeches, perhaps, but he does not know how to carry on a great political campaign.

Not win in New York, indeed! Why, then the democrats are defeated three months before election day. To lose New York is to lose the whole contest.

If The Ypsilantian were a depository of venom like the Sentinel, it could as easily lie about Mr. King as that paper does about his opposing candidate, Mr. Powers. Both of these gentlemen have been upright and respected citizens of our city, and in the main will receive the support of their respective parties. The writer who would slur Mr. Powers' interest in the Normal school knows full well, that he was a frequent visitor at the Normal and was always welcome to every department of the school. The files of The Ypsilantian show frequently his intelligent comprehension of the work done in the school and the needs of the institution. Mr. Powers is a close observer, and exceptionally just in his estimates of educational interests. He is fortunate in having the Sentinel opposed to him as the public estimate is always by contraries when applied to that bilious and dyspeptic sheet.

The Coldwater Republican can lie a little worse than Harper's Weekly, though its editor is a Presbyterian elder. Harper's Weekly said the republican platform declares that the tariff shall not be reduced on a single protected article. The writer of course knew that that was not true. The Republican now says the republican platform "declares in favor of an increase of the tariff an anything produced in this country." Mr. Aldrich, of course, equally knows that that statement is not true.

Mr. Wm. Deubel of this city recently returned from a visit to Oregon and Washington Territory and brought back with him five perfect arrow heads, two of which came out of the Columbia river, and the other two he picked up in the sand on an elevation nearly 200 feet above the river bed. Four of them are made out of agate stone and are very delicate in size and workmanship. The finish on them implies vastly greater skill than the Indians now there possess, and it is evident they were made by a race higher in the scale of life, and of greater mechanical skill than any one knows anything about. The Indians are ignorant of their origin.

The W. C. T. U. will meet in the Methodist chapel Tuesday at 3 p. m.

Produce Markets.

YPSILANTI, Aug. 16, 1888.

Wheat	80@ 83
Corn, ears	25@ 30
shelled	50
Oats	22@ 33
Rye	45
Barley, ₱ cwt	1 00@ 1 40
Buckwheat	50
Hay	8 00@10 00
Beans	1 00@ 1 50
Potatoes	30@ 40
Turnips	20
Onions	85
Parsnips	45@ 60
Cabbage, ₱ head	5@ 8
Butter	12@ 13
Eggs	10

ANNUAL REPORT OF SCHOOL DISTRICT No 4, City and Township of Ypsilanti, for the year ending September 1, 1888.

RECEIPTS.

Balance on hand Sept. 1, '88		$ 3398 31
Primary School Fund		1966 69
General Tax, City	12609 07	
" " Township	1393 28—14002 35	
Foreign Tuition		236 50
Fine Money		31 61
Old iron sold		5 48
Teacher Institute for janitor		2 50—19643 44

DISBURSEMENTS.

Salaries of Teachers—		
Gentlemen	$5150 00	
Ladies	6459 38—11609 38	
Salary of Secretary		100 00
Salaries of Janitors		658 96
Library		177 76
Laboratory		146 16
Fuel Seminary	$669 36	
" 1st Ward	21 61	
" 4th Ward	27 84	
" 5th Ward	195 88—	914 69
First Ward Building account		1329 63
Cleaning vaults		175 00
Taking school census		25 71
Incidental Expenses		389 16
Painting interior of Fifth Ward building		75 00
Repairing heating apparatus Seminary		542 55
General repairs		30 31
Balance on hand		3469 13—19643 44

ESTIMATES OF 1888-89.

DISBURSEMENTS.

Salaries of Teachers	$11500
" Janitors	700
" Secretary	100
Fuel	1100
Library	100
Laboratory	100
Finishing and furnishing for 1st Ward building	1350
Incidental Expenses	500
Repairs	500—15950 00

RESOURCES.

Balance on hand	$3469 13
Primary School Fund	1500 00
Mill Tax	2500 00
General Tax	8480 87—15950 00

At the last annual meeting the Board was authorized to expend $2000 in building the First Ward school house. This house is in course of erection and $1329.63 has been already spent upon it. The difference between this amount and the $2000 appropriated is included in the balance of cash on hand. In the above estimate the Board recommend an appropriation of $1350, to complete the building and furnish it, making the building cost, completed and furnished, about $2679. The large expenditure on heating apparatus of central building was caused by defect in boiler, making it necessary to replace two boiler plates and several flues and reset the boiler, besides making some changes in steam pipe.

In the above estimate the Board recommended that the sum of $8480.87 be raised by general tax, an amount $3000 less than that recommended last year.

CHAS. E. KING, Secretary. JOHN TAYLOR, President.

Drain Commissioner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Drain Commissioners for the counties of Wayne and Washtenaw, state of Michigan, will on Monday, September 3, A. D. 1888, at 1 o'clock p. m., at the store of W. B. Sherman, on Section seven (7), in the township of Sumpter, Wayne county, Michigan, be present to sell and put under contract the cleaning out and deepening of the upper end of the Swan Creek Drain in the township of Sumpter, Wayne county, and also the Black Marsh Drain in the township of Augusta, Washtenaw county, the said Black Marsh Drain being a continuation of the said Swan Creek Drain.

Commencing at a point in the Swan Creek Drain on the south side of a highway near the N. W. corner of section nine (9), Township of Sumpter, thence following up said drain in a northwesterly course, crossing section five (5) and ending at the town line, near the N. W. ¼ of section six (6), thence crossing into the county of Washtenaw and running in a N. W. and W. course, crossing the north half of section one (1) of the township of Augusta, number of rods in Sumpter 862, number of rods in Augusta 372; total number of rods 1234.

The undersigned also give notice that at the same time and place above mentioned, they will be present and exhibit maps and profiles of said drain, giving the dimension thereof, and will also exhibit for review the assessments of benefits on the township of Sumpter, Wayne county, and on the townships of Augusta and Ypsilanti, Washtenaw county, as benefit to public health and public highways, and also on the several parcels of land on which assessments have been made for the cleaning out and repairing of the same.

Dated at Detroit, August 21, A. D. 1888.

JAMES A. STEEVENS,
Drain Commissioner for Wayne Co.
CHARLES H. GREENMAN,
Drain Commissioner for Washtenaw Co.

Drain Commissioner's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, Drain Commissioners for the counties of Wayne and Washtenaw, state of Michigan, will on Tuesday, September 4, A. D., 1888, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the house of Edward Gotts, on Section nineteen (19), in the township of Sumpter, Wayne county, be present to sell and put under contract the cleaning out of the South County Line Drain.

Commencing at the center line on the N. W. ¼ of Section nineteen (19) in the township of Sumpter, Wayne county, thence running south along the east side of the county line road a distance of 480 rods, thence turning southwesterly crossing the highway into the township of Augusta, Washtenaw county, and running in a southwesterly course 93 rods and ending at the Big Marsh Ditch, on the S. E. ¼ of Section twenty-five (25), a total distance of 573 rods.

The undersigned also give notice that at the same time and place above mentioned, they will be present and exhibit maps and profiles of said drain, giving the dimensions thereof, and will also exhibit for review the assessments of benefits on the township of Sumpter, Wayne county, and the township of Augusta, Washtenaw county, as benefit to public health and public highways, and also on the several parcels of land on which assessments have been made for the cleaning out of the same.

Dated at Detroit, August 21, A. D. 1888.

JAMES A. STEEVENS,
Drain Commissioner for Wayne Co.
CHARLES H. GREENMAN,
Drain Commissioner for Washtenaw Co.

Don't forget to buy a campaign badge at the Bazarette.

SPECIAL!

On and after Monday, August 27th, I will offer my entire stock at

VERY LOW PRICES

Terms Cash.

All persons indebted to me will please call and settle at their earliest convenience.

H. P. GLOVER.

Great Bargains for Sept.

E. SAMSON

Is now receiving a large and elegant stock of

Books and Stationery

for the STUDENTS of the Normal and Union Schools.

Over 100 kinds of Note Books and Pads, and a full line of

Second-Hand Books

Prices can't be beat. Everybody Welcome to Call.

Also a large stock of

Perfumery and Cosmetics, Fine Toilet Soaps, Tooth Brushes, etc., etc.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

Ypsilanti Savings Bank

Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a

CASH CAPITAL OF $50,000

Transacts a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all savings deposits of $1 and upwards, compounded every six months.

Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

D. C. BATCHELDER, President.
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, $100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, $150,000

Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

D. L. QUIRK, President. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

NOW

Is a very desirable time to enter the

CLEARY

Business College.

Circulars on application.

President, Ypsilanti, Mich.

CLARK S. WORTLEY & BRO.

We have this week received a Great Stock of

Trunks & Valises,

HAND BAGS, SHAWL STRAPS, ETC.

Come in and See Them.

CLARK S. WORTLEY & BRO.

A FULL LINE OF LAWN FURNITURE

CHAIRS and SETTEES, STONE RINGS, Etc.

VASES with PATENT Reservoir Attachment.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX,

Fine Granite and Marble

MONUMENTS AND TABLETS

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC.

We are now prepared to make prices that defy competition. We have no traveling agents. We found by experience they were expensive attachments, and have concluded to give our customers the discounts saved by this change. If you will come to the works we will convince you of this fact.

No establishment in this section can compete with us, for we have more stock finished ready for engraving than any three concerns in the state. You will readily see why we can undersell them.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

Harris Bros. & Co.

Next Saturday we will have an immense stock of FRUITS, VEGETABLES, and

OYSTERS.

Tycoon Tea House

JOHN P. TERNS,

Will sell to the public Gasoline at the old price of 60 cents per five gallon can. As the old saying is, "Five cents saved is five cents earned," earn five cents by buying your Gasoline at the

Fifth Ward Grocery,

No. 44 East Congress St.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

or needing any

Nails or Locks,
Barn Hanger and Track,
Trimmings of any kind,
Cook Stove,
Heating Stove,
Gasoline Stove,
or Oil Stove,
Table or Pocket Cutlery,
Shears and Scissors,
or Carpet Sweeper,
Granite Ware, Tinware,
Shovels, Forks, Spades,
and Wheelbarrows,
Farm Bells,
Tin Roofing,
Eave Troughs,
Etc., Etc.,

You will find a good assortment at the

Huron Street Hardware

and at

PRICES TO SUIT YOU

A share of your trade solicited.

CHAS. M. NORTON,

Huron St., opp. Sanitarium.

T. S. ANDERSON, Pres. M. S. SMITH, V. P.
R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank,

91 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, - $200,000.

FOUR per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits.
Directops—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Hecker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Freer, G. H. Russel, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke.
Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

O. A. Ainsworth & Co.'s

WHOLESALE

PRODUCE HOUSE

Is the place to sell

Oats, Rye, Beans,

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